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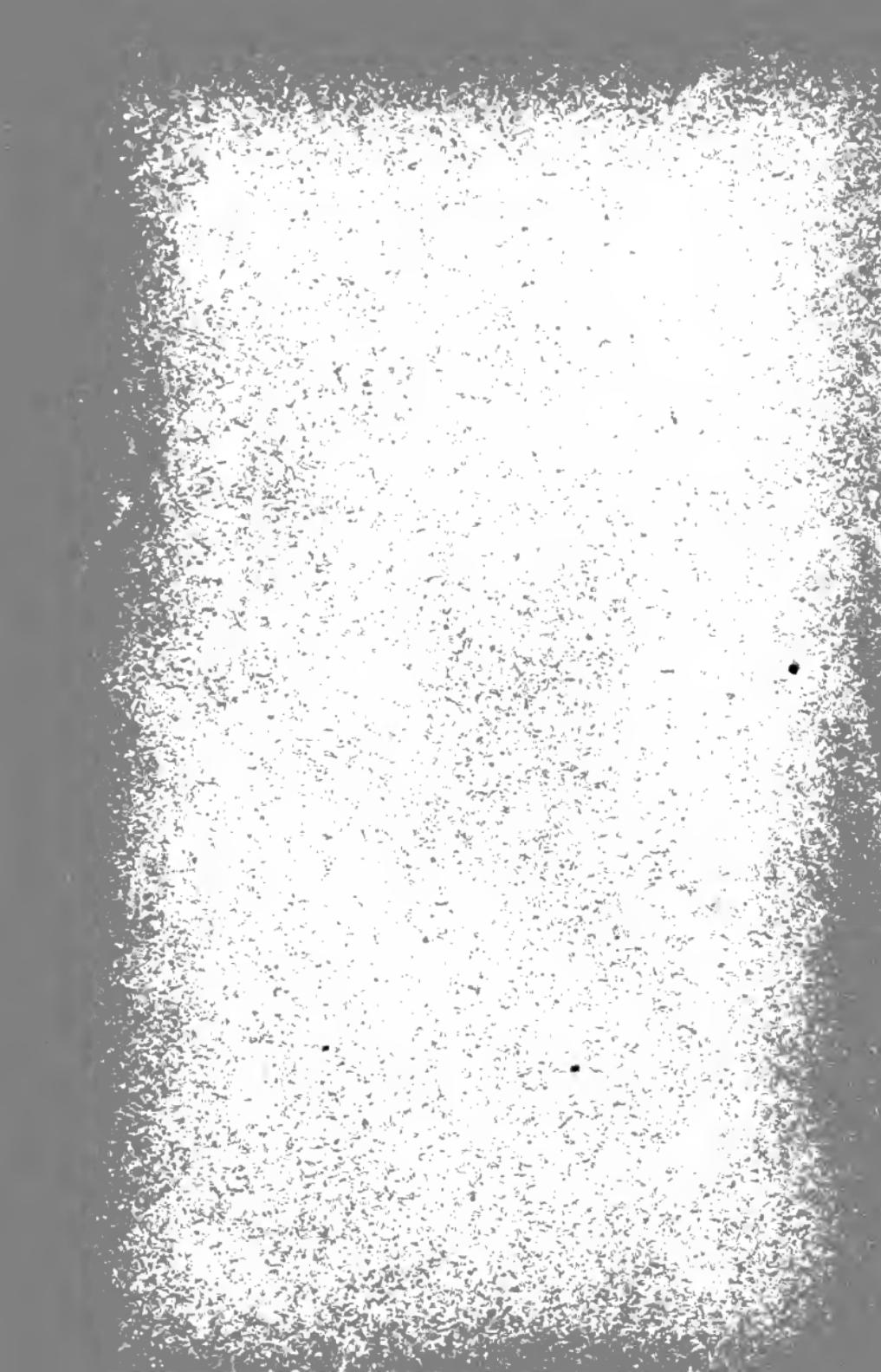


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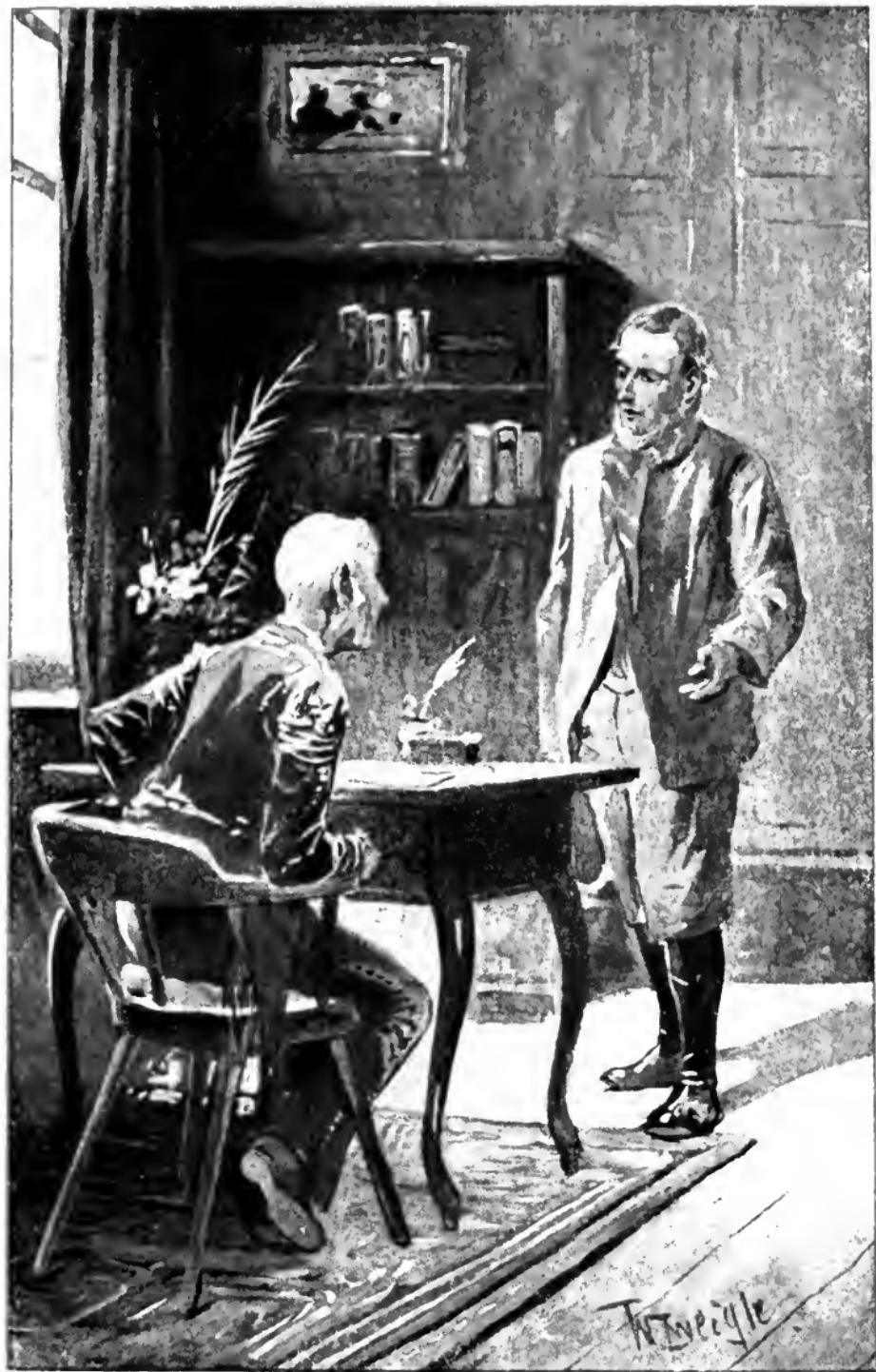


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SIMON.

THE STORY OF A NEGRO SLAVE IN BRAZIL.

BY

W. O. VON HORN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ILLUSTRATED.

ERNST KAUFMANN,

**NEW YORK,
22 & 24 N. WILLIAM ST.**

**CHICAGO,
107 MADISON ST.**

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The story which I am about to relate, is based upon fact. The noble deed of the negro, which is recounted in the course of the story, attracted attention toward him to an extraordinary degree, and among all classes, from the emperor down to the beggar. He then told his story, which was fully published by a Rio de Janeiro newspaper. Under peculiar circumstances this paper came to my notice, it is true, fully three years after publication, for it is dated 1853. I have followed this reliable account and believe that I am doing my readers a service in narrating this story.

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CHAPTER I.

The coasts of the continent of Africa, whose interior is almost entirely unknown to us, which are washed by the waves of the Atlantic ocean, ever since the terrible traffic with human beings began, have been its inexhaustible source. All the seafearing nations of Europe have a share in the blame, and have assisted in the commission of a crime, in which they saw nothing culpable, for they denied to the unfortunate black man both human dignity and human rights. They considered him an article of trade, out of which commerce might derive a legitimate profit, as out of any other wares. It can hardly be told to what extremes of brutality and cruelty men permitted themselves to go in this nefarious business.

Only late, very late, Europeans came to a recognition of their duty, and the Englishmen, who themselves had engaged in slave trade for a long time, began to set its bounds. Their men of war cruised in African waters on the lookout for slave ships, and unrelenting punishment was inflicted upon every one captured. But in spite of the careful watch of the British cruisers, the cruel traffic with human beings was not stopped.

In the face of great danger, the enormous profit at that time connected with the business, led American ships, especially South American and Brazilian vessels, to risk the attempt, to bring their "ebony," as they called the stolen negroes, through the lines in safety. There the truth of the Holy Scriptures was again illustrated, that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

The watch along the immense coastline could not

be kept so strictly, but that small and swiftsailing vessels, which there carried on the slave trade, could succeed in escaping the watchfulness of the English cruisers.

The slave markets of North and South America, and particularly of Cuba, showed how often this was the case. How the animosity of the negro tribes, one against the other, aided slave traders, will be shown in the course of this true and vivid narrative.

The particular part of the African coast where the horrible traffic with human beings was carried on, offers a great many hiding places, and when these were once reached, the accursed business could be carried on in safety.

It was near the mouth of a small stream, which poured its waters into the mighty ocean (so the negro Simon relates), that a Brazilian slave ship, well-known to the negro chiefs, was accustomed to carry on its business for many years.

This place could not have been better chosen, for the coast regions were thickly populated. The natives were engaged in a ceaseless war of extermination among themselves, and sold their prisoners, whom their fore-fathers had been accustomed to kill, for what appeared to be a great profit in their eyes. But the location was most favorable in other respects also. In front of the mouth of the little coast stream, there lay quite a large, long, and thickly wooded island. Mango trees with dense, intertwining branches lined the shore and afforded an excellent protection not only against the fury of the storms, but also from the eyes of those men, who perhaps were sailing past out on the ocean.

The island, seen from the ocean, presented the appearance of an unbroken, wooded coastline, and unless the place had been examined with the care, slyness, and daring of the slavers, there would not even have

been discovered the deep channels at the upper and lower ends of the island, which afforded an entrance into the extensive bay lying between the island and the mainland. Thus, far and near, there was not to be found a more safe and secluded spot than this one, where the Santa Margarita, a ship from Santa Catharina in Brazil, for many years had carried on the slave trade with the greatest success, without having been even once molested by one of the English cruisers. It is true, the captain and owner of the vessel, Don Manuel Cordela was his name, did not conceal from himself the fact, that the business was getting more difficult, and that the enlarged number of English men-of-war was increasing the danger. But the immense profit from the business was too tempting. Wretched, glittering baubles, poorly made fire arms, hatchets and axes, kegs of brandy, and gaudy cotton cloth, were exchanged for strong negroes, whose price in ringing gold, was high and continually increasing in the Brazilian slave markets. And so, trusting to his old luck, he daired again and again, to seek out his well-known hiding place, where his wealth had found its beginning and food for steady increase.

One day the Santa Margarita, under a light sea breeze, again gracefully wound her way through the channel at the time of high tide, and cast her anchor in the bay, where she had so often lain in safety. The vessel was in excellent condition and was a swift sailer.

The slave trader, who knows the great dangers connected with his infamous business, observes every precaution, he is well versed in all tricks and games, in short he is a master of deception. A conscience which will permit a man to deal as carelessly with the life and liberty of a fellow being, as if he were no more than a bale of merchandise, will not shrink from any trick or foul practice, no matter how vile it may be, or how

much it may be despised by a good Christian. When a man, led on by his insatiable greed, has once sunk so low, he easily silences his conscience. These are the terrible phenomena of human depravity, which we meet with in this business. They fill our souls with horror and strongly remind us of the words of the poet:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Captain Cordela was a genuine, wily slave trader, who had carried on his business for a great many years and shrank from no vile trick. He was experienced in all branches of the trade, as he used to say. He bound his crew to himself by the payment of high wages, and had with him only tried and trusted men. One new hand was an exception, but he gave himself no concern about him, and moreover, this man had proven himself a veritable treasure on this trip, by his extraordinary seamanship.

The ship was safely brought into the bay by its pilot, and proudly she lay at anchor. This work which is usually accompanied by a great deal of noise at the docks and in harbors, was performed most quietly. Only the water fowl, which covered the calm surface of the bay in great flocks, attracted by the fish which swarmed in its waters, and the crocodiles which were very numerous, were frightened out of their rest. The latter, with dreadful snapping of their jaws, rushed into the depths, but their curiosity soon brought them to the surface again, where their heads became visible. The sailors would gladly have put a load of shot into them, but precaution demanded that every sign of the presence of the vessel should be most carefully avoided.

In the little bay silence reigned supreme, broken

only by the chatter of quarreling monkeys, the screams of the swarms of parrots and cockatoos, which flew from the island to the main land and back again, the cawing of the water fowl, and now and then by the deep, terrible roar of some beast of prey.

Human dwellings were nowhere visible. Everywhere along the edge of the water, there appeared the dense tangle of the mango trees, but above them the crowns of mighty baobabs and bananas, the tops of palms and bamboos of enormous growth, became visible.

There was plenty of excellent water in the little coast stream, and a superfluity of delicious fruits, while game abounded, and a stay in this place would have been most desirable had not other conditions made it dangerous. In the waters appeared the insatiable crocodile, and even the greedy shark did not despise coming into the bay with its abundance of fish, to satisfy his hunger. Venomous snakes crept through the high grass, and when evening came, poisonous mists rose from the forests and swamps, which drove men into the close body of the vessel, if they would not breathe them and expose themselves to the danger of deadly fevers.

This time also evening fell soon after the vessel had entered the bay. Captain Cordela's orders hastened the work of the crew, and when at length the hot African sun sank to rest, and like a delicate veil the mists began to rise, the black body of the vessel lay upon the quiet surface of the bay as if there were no life in her. But all who were aboard, whether still at work, or resting in their hammocks after the weary toil of the day, had the feeling of perfect security.

But without there began the shrieking, roaring, and grunting of creatures, as one hears it in southern climes. The water fowl with hoarse cries sought their

roosting place. The parrots and cockatoos quarreled among themselves with earsplitting shrieks, for the choice places; horrible bats of an enormous size, flew about in search of prey; owls gave forth their melancholy hoot; numberless monkeys raved, and screamed, and chased each other through the trees; all around the snarl and bark of jackals and hyenas was heard, and above all there rose the terrifying roar of the monarchs of the forests, of the mighty African lion and the hungry tiger, so that one chill after another ran over the men in their wooden house upon the water, even though they knew themselves to be secure from all that, which out there threatened bloody destruction.

The battle of the creatures of the wild, this weird concert of so many disagreeable voices, at last also ceased, and then there was only heard the roar of the breakers upon the reef, which stretched along the island on the ocean side, and the sighing of the wind as it passed through the brushes of the lofty palms.

With the dawn of the day the same noise began anew, only much greater, even though the mighty voices of the wild beasts of prey were silent, as they sought the deeper shadows of the jungle and the thickets, to rest after their nocturnal excursions. The water fowl left their sleeping places with loud screaming, and sought the open sea. Swarms of land birds flew about in search of food, and the crocodiles disported themselves in the waters of the bay, whose wealth of fish afforded them plentiful nourishment.

And now signs of life began to show themselves aboard the ship also. The voice of the captain was heard issuing commands, and the crew appeared busily engaged. Several men, armed to the teeth, entered a rowboat, which brought them to the shore of the mainland, where they soon disappeared in the deep shadow of the forest. These were the messengers of the cap-

tain to his friendly chiefs, trusted men and bold, who were well acquainted with the country from former expeditions, and shrank from no threatening danger.

After the boat had returned to the vessel, the activity of the men became livelier. The jolly boat was lowered into the water and empty casks were placed in it. Then they steered towards the stream, and there, where the influence of the salt water was no longer felt, they filled them with fresh water. Others landed on the green shore of the island. They cleared away the underbrush and leveled off quite a large space. Then they erected their tents in order to enjoy the cool in the shade of the lofty trees. The actions of two classes of animals were very interesting, while this was going on. The crocodiles stared at the working men with a stupid look, so that it seemed as if they were more eager to devour them, than to watch their work. But the monkeys spryly clambered up into the highest tree-tops and then bent far forward in order to watch the men with most peculiar grimaces, while the feathered denizens of the forest flew away into the impenetrable depths of the woods, where innumerable vines intertwining, seemed to bind all into one green mass. The captain then came ashore and reclined under the tent, while the cook, having quickly built a stove out of stones and sod, busied himself about preparing a meal for the hungry laborers. Those of the crew, who were known to be good marksman, were sent away to shoot antelopes, of which there were a great number in that section, as well as numerous swiftfooted gazelles. And so the crew completed their temporary camp, which was to be the place of rest and refreshment for all, and the captain impatiently awaited the return of the messengers he had sent out, who were to bring him the anxiously expected news of the slave purchase.

Several days passed by in quiet, until one afternoon

human figures appeared upon the shore of the mainland, where the messengers of the captain had penetrated into the thick of the forest. A shot gave the signal. A boat quickly put off and soon brought over the captain's messengers and two negroes, who were sent by the chief of the tribe to make the bargain.

The captain greeted the negroes like old acquaintances, and yet with a certain degree of formality. Then they were entertained, rum playing the most important roll. They greedily partook of it.

After breakfast the captain ordered those articles to be brought out of the vessel's hold, which he desired to exchange for slaves. The eyes of the negroes glittered as they longingly surveyed these treasures. And yet most of it was worthless trash. Then there came some small mirrors, imitation coral strings, bracelets made of shining, but worthless metal, in which false and utterly worthless stones were sparkling, ear rings and other valueless ornaments.

Further articles of trade were hatchets, axes, guns, powder, lead, copper pans and kettles, and a great number of articles of necessity and of dress, as used by the negroes, all of them of small value in themselves, but appearing most attractive to the negroes. With special satisfaction the representatives of the chief regarded the numerous little casks of whose contents they had just enjoyed a sample. The list of these articles here given, will suffice to give an idea of the immense profits derived from the slave trade. Under the most unfair conditions the negro slaves were purchased and sold again in the slavemarkets for an enormous price.

The captain had sharply observed his guests, in order to learn what impression his wares had made upon them, and came to the conclusion, that they were highly satisfied. And now he dealt presents out to them

with a liberal hand, by which they were made unspeakably happy.

Then the pipes were brought and rum, and the trading began. The negroes were somewhat familiar with the Portuguese language.

The captain said: "You have seen my goods, what have you to offer?"

"Eboes, as many you want, and can accomodate: men, youths, women, girls, and children. They are a fine tribe, these Eboes," they continued, "strong, tall, active, and easily controlled. You will do a fine business with them."

"I will come and see," answered the captain, "but I reserve to myself the privilege of selection. They must be perfect. No man can be over thirty years, and no female have passed the twentieth year."

The agents grinned so that their white teeth gleamed from behind their thick lips, and nodded their wooly heads.

"You will be satisfied," they said, "and you know that we never bring an article discreditable to us. We know our stock well. But what do you offer a piece, according to age and condition?"

The captain mused as if, on account of the high value of his wares, he had to carefully consider. Then he fixed the purchase price with such a firm and determined voice, that the very tone and accent showed plainly, that further bartering would be useless. But the negroes seemed to be entirely satisfied, and merely raised the question how they were to convey to their lord and master some idea of the captain's wares. This was the somewhat veiled demand for presents for their chief.

The captain was well acquainted with their customs, and led them into the second tent where his gifts were spread out in the most attractive manner. Even

though these consisted of the same kind of things, which he had already given to the agents, yet the captain, well calculating his interest, had selected the most glittering objects.

"You will do yourself honor," said the negroes. "Our chief will recognize his old business friend, who has a rich and liberal hand."

"I expect so," the captain briefly replied. "When will the cargo be ready?" he then asked.

The negroes said: "One week from to-day the Eboes will celebrate a great festival of sacrifice. Because we have been quiet, they do not anticipate an attack from us, whom they have done much injury. But when they are weary from dancing, and drunk with palm wine, and sink down tired and senseless, then we shall fall upon them, and they shall feel our revenge. The place of sacrifice is two days march from here."

The captain heard them with satisfaction and once more called their attention to the fact that he was able to accomodate one hundred slaves, and then dismissed them. The boat brought them to the landing place. Once more they turned and waved their handkerchiefs, and then entered the forest and disappeared from view. In the meantime the ship had to replenish its store of meat, the water casks had to be refilled, and there was plenty of work to be done. Thus the week rapidly passed, which the negroes had mentioned till the time of the festival of the Eboes.

The captain knew this tribe. They lived near the source of the stream, which emptied into the bay in which the vessel lay at anchor. They were a fine, strong race of men. They could well be called more tractable than other negro tribes, whose members, when in captivity, would sometimes starve themselves to death, or in wild raving leap into the sea, or would end their lives in some other manner. After his last

trip he had sold some of these Eboes at Pernambuco for a large sum. And so he was well pleased and looked forward with satisfaction to the time when his merchandise should arrive, showing how his accursed business had smothered all human feeling, and emptied his heart of every trace of mercy.

CHAPTER II.

Far into the interior from where the slave ship lay at anchor, the dense forest stretched away, lianes and other vines intertwining between the trees, until it became almost impenetrable. Amid gigantic trees like the baobab, banana, every specie of palm, fig, and other trees bearing edible, refreshing fruits, were found the mimosa and bamboo of enormous growth. The eye was attracted as much by the beauty of the flowers and fruits, as by the gorgeously colored plumage of the birds, which were seen swinging among the branches, while numberless squirrels and monkeys ran about everywhere.

The Eboes, a tribe of negroes, inhabited these forests. Partly they dwelt in kraals, and partly in isolated huts, scattered here and there. Their huts were very simple structures of bamboo staves, and covered with the large leaves of the plantain. Nature's rich store provided them abundantly with the fruits of many trees, bananas, figs and cocoanuts. The fruit of the plantain and the cabbage palm also supplied their wants. Besides they were passionately fond of the chase, and game was plentiful. For these reasons they engaged in agriculture to a very limited extent, raising only a little rice and cotton. Frequent wars with a restless neighboring tribe, had much reduced their

number. A treaty of peace, which they had made, seemed temporarily to have put an end to this unfortunate strife, and the Eboes were living in perfect security. But it was a most deceptive peace, and they had no suspicion, that this people which they had overcome in battle, harbored an implacable hatred in their hearts, and were plotting treachery to work their destruction.

Not very far from the source of the stream, whose short course came to an end in the bay where the slave ship was anchored, there lay a lonely hut under the widespread branches of a mighty baobab tree. Like all the huts of the Eboe negroes, it was built of bamboo staves closely bound together, and covered with plantain leaves. The whole appearance of the hut indicated that it was to serve rather as a secure sleeping place than as a residence. Where the hand of the Almighty has formed the arching roof of leaves in the dense tropical forest, man stands in no need of any special covering. Besides, the heat would prove insufferable in a small inclosure. Only the poisonous vapors of the night, and the wild beasts, which prowl about in search of prey, make it necessary to retire to a place of safety when darkness falls. The floor of the hut was thickly covered with matting. Beside the hut, under a simple continuation of the roof, there was found a rude stove, built of stones, on which the meals were prepared, and the only kitchen utensil, a copper pan, hung on a peg in the side of the hut. Towards the stream one saw the little rice field, and somewhat farther back, lay the modest cotton plantation, while a number of coffee trees had been planted a little to the side. Everywhere else the trees of the primeval forest thickly grew, nevertheless affording a rich supply of healthy nourishing food.

On the one side of the hut the ground rose to a

little height. A short, rich sod covered it, and on the gentle slope a young negro woman was seated, braiding a mat from the fibres of the palm tree. At her side played a little woolly-headed boy, upon whom the eyes of the mother rested with an expression of deepest affection. He might have been about eight or nine years old. The little fellow was amusing himself with a cocoanut, whose outer covering had been removed, and which he rolled down the incline. While these two were thus engaged, the one in work, the other in play, unnoticed by either of them, a negro emerged from the thick forest, and with a soft and stealthy step drew near. In his hand he held a number of short spears, called assagais, and over his shoulders he carried an antelope, which he had killed in the hunt.

For a long time he stood and gazed upon his wife and child, his deep love, his joy, and pride depicted upon his countenance, when suddenly the boy uttered a piercing scream and fled towards the hut.

In an instant the antelope was thrown upon the grass, and with one bound the negro stood beside his wife, swinging an assagai in his right hand. The poor woman was so affrighted by the unexpected cry of the boy, that she could hardly raise herself from her crouching posture.

"What is it?" cried the negro; but at the same moment he discovered the object, which had so much frightened the child.

One of the most venomous serpents had crawled up unobserved. Hissing it had raised itself to strike at the young woman, since the child, who may have irritated it in some way, had escaped. A cold shudder passed over the negro, who knew the full extent of the awful peril, but with a swift movement his assagai whistled through the air, and with full force struck the serpent in the head, so that in its pain it whirled itself

around in wild but impotent rage. A second blow severed the dangerous head, which the negro immediately proceeded to crush with a stone. Then he turned to his wife, who stretched out her arms towards him in grateful thanks. The boy also now came running along, and the little group stood embracing each other.

After a while the young woman recovered from her fright, and then the negro brought the antelope, which he had killed. With deft fingers he took off the skin and drew the creature.

Soon a fire was burning beside the hut, over which the young woman broiled some of the juicy meat. While enjoying the meal the negro said: "Golima, we now have a double reason to go to our people's festival of sacrifice, which is to be held at Zurate on the morrow, for have we not visibly enjoyed the protection of the gods?"

She nodded assent, and the boy clapped his hands for glee.

"But we shall return home before night, shall we not, Cullock?" she asked in a pleading tone.

"Why?" he asked in astonishment.

"I have a heavy feeling in my heart," replied Golima, "as if some great misfortune were to come upon us!"

"Did not my arm protect you to-day, and did not the gods support me?" he asked. Then he tried in every way to allay her fears, and she finally set about preparing the provisions for the morrow, besides filling a large gourd with palm wine, even though she heaved many a sigh over her work.

Then the door of the hut closed behind them, since the mists of evening already began to rise, and the terrible roars of the creatures of the forest proclaimed the falling of the night.

Zurate was an Eboe village of considerable size. The forest stretched away in its neighborhood, and here a very large circular space had been cleared, where the festivals in honor of the idols were wont to be held.

From early morning the swarthy natives were seen streaming toward Zurate. They were of all ages, and came sometimes in large crowds, and sometimes in single family groups.

When the gathering had increased to a great multitude, the priests appeared bearing the fetishes and images. They were surrounded by a shouting, howling crowd, while the din was increased by the horrible sound of the tam-tamis and shrill whistles. The multitude joined the procession, and as soon as the clearing was reached, the religious ceremonies began. They were soon over, and yet they lasted too long for many who were only eager for the wild dances, which now began. Palm wine drunk to excess, and the madness of the dance peculiar to the negro, which brought them almost beside themselves, produced a weird and wild scene. This insane indulgence in pleasure continued without intermission, until the stars began to shine out in the sombre heavens. Only then small groups were seen seeking a secure resting place in the forest, while a few individuals reeled towards Zurate in search of a sleeping place. But it was midnight before silence reigned in the forest, in the negro village, and the clearing. All around the negroes were lying in a deathlike sleep.

When the position of the stars indicated the hour of midnight, Golima reminded her husband gently that it was time to seek a distant hut in the village, where a friend lived.

The boy had long ago fallen asleep, and Cullock carried him. They started on their way because Golima could not overcome the feeling that the festival

grounds were to be the scene of some great disaster.

Upon the grass which had been trampled down in the mad dance, lay the unconscious negroes, and not one had a suspicion that beings like themselves, yet worse than lions and tigers, were creeping up, with a diabolical thirst for vengeance in their hearts, in order to bring upon them the highest measure of wretchedness and woe, after the brief pleasure and intoxication, which they had enjoyed.

For two days the negro tribe, with whose agents the slave dealer Cordela had made a contract, had been active. A mystery hung over their proceedings, and only the leaders of the tribe knew the destination of the expedition in preparation, and its object. It was known that the purpose was to carry off slaves, because they took with them many ropes made of the fibre of the palm tree, ropes which could not be torn by the strongest hand. Besides these ropes they carried only clubs made of ebony, whose purpose was well understood. All who were no longer fit to be sold as slaves, as well as the children who were not yet strong enough, were to be beaten to death. The utter annihilation of an unfriendly people or tribe is the object of the blood-thirsty enmity of the negro, and when he begins his murderous work, his bloodthirstiness is simply awful. He spares neither the babe upon the breast of the mother, nor the aged man already standing upon the brink of the grave.

For a great many years a deeprooted animosity had existed between the Zulahs and the Eboes. Bloody battles had taken place, in which sometimes the Zulahs, sometimes the Eboes, had come forth victorious. Now the arrival of the slave dealer afforded an opportunity to take advantage of the festival at Zurate, and deal a blow from which the Eboes would never recover. The condition of utter exhaustion and drunkenness, which

ever succeeded these negro celebrations, was to be used in order to attain the desired end, which was no other than this, to sell into slavery the younger generation, and to murder all the rest. This truly devilish plan, which could only have originated in the soul of a savage, was now nearing its accomplishment, and when at length the secret was declared, and the Zulahs learned that their expedition was directed against the Eboes, a wild and terrible joy filled their hearts.

They set out on their expedition so quietly as to keep their undertaking a profound secret. Just as the treacherous tiger circles round the hapless gazelle until he finds the favorable opportunity and place, and then suddenly pounces upon the wretched victim with terrible ferocity, so they drew nigh the Eboe village, and the place of the festivities, only travelling by night, when no eye could distinguish the dark bodies, which were creeping up to the enemy, winding their way among the thickest brush as noiselessly as beasts of the forest, and as supple and smooth as eels.

As long as the far sounding beat of the tam-tams, and the shrill tone of the pipes was heard, and the shouts of the dancers echoed through the forest, they lay silent in the high grass. They formed a great circle, which completely closed about the Eboes on all sides. No other precaution was necessary, for they rightly calculated that the Eboes not suspecting an attack, would carelessly give themselves over to the enjoyment of their festival.

Golima and Cullock silently walked along towards the hut, where they intended to spend the night. Cullock was incapable of taking note of anything, for his excessive indulgence in the dance and in palm wine, was beginning to show its effect with irresistible power.

Now Golima saw the hut where they expected to

find their friends, but although the door was on the side from which they were approaching, she could discover no welcoming light. Suddenly she stood still. Her heart beat quickly, for it seemed to her as if she had observed a suspicious movement in the high grass. Indeed it seemed, now that she looked more sharply, as if she could see heads lifting themselves and then swiftly disappearing again.

"Away! Away!" cried Cullock. "Why do you stand there? I can go no further. The sleeping boy is growing too heavy for me."

"Hold!" she cried in a low tone. "We must flee! They are lying in ambush for us!"

Scarcely had she uttered the word, when a rope was thrown over her, by which she was hurled to the ground. At the same instant Cullock sank down with a stifled groan. A blow from a club had felled him. But a few moments passed, and they were bound securely hand and foot. Strong arms lifted them and threw them into the hut, whose inhabitants had already been treated in the same manner. And now they heard the terrible battle cry of the Zulahs lifted on every side. It seemed to move toward the village and the scene of the festival. A guard was left at the door to see that none of the captives escaped.

But this battle cry had only been sounded, when the Eboes, who began to be aroused from their stupor, had offered resistance. At first the Zulahs had stealthily crept up, and almost without the stupified sleepers noticing it, bound the feet of the younger ones. This had been done with almost all of those whom they found lying around in the open. Those who awoke, were felled with a blow from the club, as had been done with Cullock, and when they fell unconscious, their hands were cruelly pressed together and tied with strong ropes. But this did not succeed with all, some

they left lying, only having bound their feet, and when these awoke they untied the ropes and gave the alarm in the forest and the village. All aged persons were at once murdered by the Zulahs. A fight arose in the village, but in view of the condition of the Eboes, the outcome did not long remain doubtful. Before the morning broke, there remained alive only the young and strong, both among the women and the men, as many as would be useful as slaves. Children between the ages of nine and twelve were allowed to live, and were driven together in one place like a herd of sheep. All who were younger were murdered without mercy.

When at last day came, the village and the scene of the festivities, which only a few hours before had resounded with the shouts and laughter of the merry-makers, presented a spectacle, which must have filled every heart except that of a Zulah, with horror and affright. The unmerciful victors drove their shackled victims over the scene of their murder and cruelty, and while their hearts were being rent with grief and anguish, the Zulahs danced about them singing gleefully their wild songs of victory.

The eye of the Christian turns in horror from such a scene, where the savage first commits his atrocities and then glories in the gratification of his inhuman revenge. But the Christian also looks upward to where the God of love and mercy dwells, and from the innermost depths of his soul he prays: "O Lord, let the light of Thy holy Gospel penetrate into this fearful night, to drive away its shadows, that there may cease these horrors, which dishonor man and are a mockery of all the tender feelings, which Thou hast implanted in his bosom!"

CHAPTER III.

The night with its more than horrible occurrences, was now past. It had been a night in which man had proven himself worse than the most bloodthirsty beast of prey, which prowled through the forests. Deliberately and with infinite cruelty, the happiness and liberty of individuals had been destroyed, and a glimpse had been afforded into the deep moral depravity of these creatures, who also belonged to the human race.

The Zulah negroes were jubilant over their profitable, even though horrible victory, by which the tribe of the Eboes had been annihilated, while their own glory would be famed far and near. They drove the herd of their victims toward the coast. The bonds had been removed from their feet, but had been drawn all the tighter around the hands and arms. Their strength, their rage, their hope had been broken in the frantic but fruitless efforts to break their fetters. Their feet covered with burning wounds, they trudged along in the submissiveness of despair. Now and then one would sink down exhausted, but at once the shambock, the terrible whip of rhinoceros hide, was laid upon the naked body, until gathering their remaining strength, they raised themselves and again followed. Women and girls groaned in pain, but they were mocked and abused. The stronger ones had to carry the children, who had been permitted to live, and were trembling in mortal fear. Whenever it happened that one of the luckless captives broke down utterly, a blow upon the head with the heavy ebony club ended his sufferings forever. The body was left to be devoured by greedy vultures, which followed the troop in large numbers,

or together with the jackals held their disgusting feast upon the scene of massacre.

We now turn again to Cullock, Golima and their child.

Golima had been violently thrown to the ground by the noose which almost strangled her. Then she was quickly bound hand and foot. She saw at once that resistance would be foolish in the face of the overwhelming number of their grim enemies, and so she patiently submitted to the hard lot, whose full significance she well understood. But with a look of unspeakable anguish she turned her face toward Cullock and her child. The child was unharmed. When the father had been bound, it threw itself upon the breast of its mother. Here a Zulah seized it by the hair and dragged it forth, but when he had apparently satisfied himself by the faint glimmer of the stars, that the strong and healthy boy would prove profitable ware, he again threw him back upon the matting, and crying bitterly the little fellow crept over to his mother, where trembling in every limb, he sought to hide himself.

When Cullock recovered his senses, he furiously wrenched his fetters in a vain effort to tear them off. The blows of the Zulah guard only enraged him the more. Blood flowed freely from his hands and feet, but he did not appear to feel the pain. With kind entreaty Golima besought him to control himself, and to submit to the inevitable, but it took a long time for him to get the mastery over his natural wildness of temper, in fact this mastery was rather the result of complete exhaustion. Then he sank into that deep brooding which is peculiar to the nature of the negro, and which appears to make him insensible to everything about him.

As soon as the day broke, word came from Zurate, and the captives were led to the crowd of other prisoners, to begin with them the march to the sea. Besides

Golima, Cullock, and the boy,, the young couple who owned the hut, had been taken there.

Captain Cordela was impatiently awaiting his promised slaves. The ship had been fully provisioned and was ready to sail. His lookouts, who had been stationed outside of the harbor, had reported that they had seen English cruisers sailing northward. A small boat ventured out upon the sea,—nowhere was a trace of the vessels any longer to be seen. The time for getting away was therefore, most opportune, especially since a strong breeze promised swift sailing.

Room had been prepared in the hold for from sixty to eighty slaves. The place intended for their reception was close, and precaution made it necessary to keep the negroes under closed hatches, so that the vessel would not betray its true character of slave ship, for which the English cruisers were on the lookout. Still the prisoners did not arrive. Captain Cordela grew more and more impatient, for the longer he had to wait the more his profits were being reduced. It is the curse of a guilty conscience that it can not find rest. Now it is bold and again deeply discouraged. A thousand times in the space of an hour his greedy and often angrily flashing eyes were turned toward the place, where the negroes must emerge from the forest. At last he gave a shout for joy. They had arrived!

Quickly the boats were lowered and a large number of iron shakles brought out of the hold. The captain's curses thundered through the ship, because everything seemed to go too slowly for him. He trembled in his eagerness to look over the rows of captives, and select those whom he wished to take along.

At last the boats were ready, and he was the last man to enter one of them.

A great number of Zulahs had come together. Many of the slaves had sunk down and lay upon the

ground staring vacantly into space. They saw before them the grave of their happiness, they felt that they were standing upon the threshold of a misery, which reaches the highest measure of terrible experience, that can possibly come to man. Their hands and feet were swollen and sore, and the wounds inflicted by the shambock bled and burned in strong inflammation.

Completely worn out and exhausted, the unfortunate victims of the vengeance and cupidity of their enemies, lay there, only half alive; but when the whites came near in their boats, the lashes of their tormentors drove the poor wretches to their feet again.

With an experienced eye the captain glanced over these "black wares," as unfeeling slave dealers expressed themselves. In spite of their wretched condition, he perceived that these were strong, fine men and women. Yet he sternly wrinkled his brow.

"They have been almost driven to death," he sharply addressed the leader of the Zulahs. "The wares are not worth half the price we had agreed upon!"

The Zulahs made long faces.

"They will quickly recover," said the leader. "The white man will not deal unfairly with us."

"Do you suppose I am going to pay as much for these corpses as for good, healthy wares?" cried the captain with flashing eyes; and the disappointed Zulahs began to be afraid.

Cordela was a shrewd man. He saw more than a hundred slaves. The lower the price paid for the individual, the larger the number he could buy, and this was all he was thinking about. What did he care if a number of them died during the voyage? He would have some to spare!—

With an air of utter dissatisfaction he passed through the rows of blacks. He selected carefully, examining the frame and proportions of each one. He

glanced over the crowd of children, who huddled together in fright.

Then he offered a much lower price than the one originally agreed upon. The Zulahs fearing to lose all, felt compelled to agree, and the captain began to make his choice. You could read his cupidity in his glance. His greedy thought was to profit as much as possible, and having calculated his gain by the reduction of the price, he picked out one hundred slaves. The sailors put handcuffs upon them, and so deeply were the unfortunates overcome with despair, that they allowed anything to be done with them. They were placed in the boats and brought aboard, where they were put into the hot, insufferably close pen.

The boats returned for a new load. As the boats were putting off, three negroes sprang into the water. The dreadful snapping of the jaws of the waiting crocodiles, the swift disappearance of the poor wretches beneath the foaming surface, and the bloody tint of the water, left no doubt as to the terrible death they had suffered. And yet they had preferred this end to a life of slavery.

As horrible as these occurrences were, and as deeply as they must have aroused the feelings of any Christian, these persons, who were busy here, scarcely gave them a moment's attention. The captain did not lose anything by it. The loss of the three slaves had to be made good by the Zulahs. Cordela selected three others,—and the matter was ended. How many milreis (Brazilian money) he could gain, that was all he was concerned about. For him and his sailors these unfortunate blacks were so much merchandise, not human beings. On deck of the ship the helmsman and one of the Zulahs once more counted the heads of the slaves, and then, old and young, the whole hundred of them were crowded into the pen originally intended to hold

only sixty, a veritable hell, which not even one breath of fresh air was permitted to cool.

When at length all whom the captain had selected were on board, the boats brought the captain and the Zulah agents to the tents on the island. There the articles of exchange were delivered to the chiefs, who where then brought ashore where their comrades were awaiting them, guarding the slaves who had been left over.

Scarcely had the boats left the shore on their return to the ship, when a terrible shrieking and wailing was heard. But it soon ceased, and then the Zulahs were seen carrying a number of corpses to the shore and casting them into the sea, where greedy sharks and crocodiles quickly devoured them. The Zulahs had simply killed the rest of the Eboes, whom the captain had left, in order not to be troubled with them upon their homeward journey.

Among the sailors of Captain Cordela there was only one, who was taking the trip with a slave ship for the first time. His name was Antonio and he came from Santa Catharina. He had lost his parents in early youth, and so it happened that when he had grown up he became a sailor. Up to this time however, he had only sailed on coastwise vessels, from one seaport to another. The life of a sailor is not calculated to particularly develop the nobler and better feelings in the heart of man. It is a rough, and usually immoral, coarse class of men, these sailors, whom only the stern discipline on board can keep in bounds. What young Antonio here saw and heard did not have a tendency to keep degenerating influences from him, even though he had a naturally good heart. And yet the grace of God had kept watch over him. Though outwardly rough, he had preserved a goodnatured disposition, and in his large heart there dwelt a sincere sympathy with

poor unfortunates, and moreover, he was peculiarly open to good influences. He had lain sick in a hospital in Santa Catharina for a long time, and thus happened to be out of a situation. His strength came back slowly, and thus, unable to work and earn money, he fell into suffering and want. Antonio however, was reputed to be an excellent sailor, and many a captain regretted that he could not make use of him on account of his weakened condition.

When at last his strength had returned, he found no chance to enter employment. In these straitened circumstances he was found by Captain Cordela, who knew him well and knew also what a useful hand he was.

When he told him that he was about to sail to the coast of Africa with his ship, to get slaves, Antonio did not wish to go at first. But the captain who knew his poverty, offered him such exceptionally high wages, because he needed just one good man to complete his crew, that he finally consented.

He entered his service most unwillingly, as he had heard much about the cruelty practiced in the business. But the captain denied all this positively, and so Antonio went aboard the vessel, which immediately put to sea.

Upon the voyage across Antonio had proven himself to be an excellent sailor. In several dangerous situations he showed himself as a most coolheaded, and clear-sighted person, so that he soon became the declared favorite of the captain. On the other hand his peaceable, willing, and friendly manner, won for him the regard of the whole crew, a thing of rare occurrence.

Even though a sailor, who has long followed the business, meets with much which will dull his tender feelings, yet what Antonio saw here, surpassed all he had deemed it possible for man to do. One cold shudder after another passed over him, and he cursed the hour

in which he had entered the service of this monster, as the captain now appeared to him. Of course, he was careful not to say anything about his feelings, for this would have brought him nothing good. But in his heart the feeling of loathing and disgust increased during the bargaining for the slaves, and their placing aboard the vessel. When he thought of the pen where these blacks were to be kept, it stirred his soul, and he swore to relieve their condition as much as lay in his power.

While he was standing on the shore, a witness to all those scenes which mocked human feeling, and waiting for his boathload, he sorrowfully looked over the crowd of unfortunates, and his eye fell upon a family, whose members had to be numbered with the finest among all the crowd.

It was Cullock, Golima, and their child. They were leaning one upon the other, and the boy, who had not been bound, lay weeping upon the bosom of his disconsolate mother. Cullock stared at the ground at his feet, his breast filled with nameless sorrow.

What moved Antonio, was the unspeakably deep, yet silent anguish of the woman, and the wild, despairing sorrow of the man.

Captain Cordela had selected them, and also the boy. Antonio approached them. He looked upon them kindly, and without anyone noticing it, he offered them his flask, and bade them drink. Both glanced up at him, the woman with tears in her eyes, the man with a dark look. Antonio pointed to his heart, and both then drank. To the boy he offered a few dates, and with a cry of delight, the little fellow seized them, and eagerly devoured them. Then he eased their shackles, and stroked the boy with an expression of kindness beaming from his eyes. When Antonio brought them to the boat, the helmsman pushed back the boy. The

mother gave forth a cry of agony, while Cullock hurled himself upon the helmsman with a fury, as if he would tear him to pieces.

"Keep back, you beast!" cried the helmsman, and lifted the oar to deal a mighty blow.

Antonio held his arm.

The captain saw it and came running.

"What's up here?" he cried with angry tone.

"The helmsman refused to take aboard the boy, whom you had selected, he is the child of this negro and naturally it made him uneasy."

"He shall be taken aboard!" the captain curtly commanded. Antonio thereupon lifted the child into the boat, and Cullock and Golima followed willingly, while a grateful glance fell upon Antonio.

He also seated himself in the boat.

"Just wait, you beast!" snarled the furious helmsman. "I'll remember you."

"Juan," said Antonio, who was sitting near him, "put yourself in his place. You too have a wife and child. How would you have felt?"

This simple, but sincere word, brought into the soul of the sailor memories, which did not fail of their effect.

"You are right, Antonio," he said after a brief silence. "Such a black, I suppose, is somewhat human after all; and if he is not as men say, why, even the beast loves its young. I'll not bear him any grudge."

"That should be the least," cried Antonio. "It seems to me, that you ought to say: 'I will be gentle with these poor slaves who are human beings as well as we."

"Oho! who says that?" asked Juan. "Do you want to get into trouble with the good father Xaverus of Santa Catharina? Take care! He says, that the blacks were created for slavery, and that the only thing

human about them is their appearance. And that is what I also believe."

"Let us not quarrel," rejoined Antonio. "But my confessor, Father Ulrico, whom you also know, tries to convert the negroes. If they were not human, it seems to me that he would not do this."

Juan crew serious. This was an argument which went home.

"Well—yes—of—course—there seems to be a little something of the human being about them; but then—"

"This ought to move us to be kind and gentle with them," said Antonio.

"For all I care, very well," replied Juan. "I take no pleasure in tormenting them."

"Do you know, Juan," said Antonio after a little thought, "just that couple with the child has aroused my special sympathy. Won't you place them near the hatch? Then we can give them a breath of fresh air occasionally, or pass them in a bit of food. Won't you please?"

"All right," was the answer. Just then the boat came longside of the vessel.

Antonio took the boy and climbed aboard with him. The parents followed willingly, and Antonio's wish with respect to their place in the pen was fulfilled.

But when the negroes saw the narrow place of their confinement, already overfilled, despair seized upon their souls. Five of them sprang overboard into the sea, where the crocodiles were waiting for them. Again the dreadful snapping of their jaws was heard; again the bodies quickly disappeared beneath the surface, and the foaming water became discolored, first yellow, then red, and the last trace of the poor wretches was lost. A shudder passed over even the roughest among the crew.

The captain who was coming over in the last boat,

cursed and raved at the carelessness of the crew, but that did not change the matter any. He had to stand the loss of these five, because they had been paid for.

Out of the pen issued cries pitiful to hear. The captain ordered the hatches to be closed down. Then the anchors were drawn up and within an hour the vessel was coursing through the waves of the sea. Night came just as they passed the reefs of the shore. A fresh breeze blew from landward. The captain commanded to set all sail, and when the ship shot through the foaming waves swift as an arrow, he descended to his cabin in the best of spirits, and sought his rest. The sufferings of the blacks did not trouble him.—He had made a fine trade, and that gave him pleasure. Even though half his load died on the voyage, the business would still be profitable. And what did he care if some wretchedly perished? They were his property!

As soon as he went below Antonio and Juan raised the hatches to let a little air into the pen, where the heat was stifling, and the smell dreadful. They also passed a little water and food to their protegees. Then Antonio rolled himself in his blanket, and lay down upon the deck. He went to sleep with the consciousness of having acted the part of a man and a Christian.

Juan had the watch, and stood near the mizzen mast. He was to close the hatches about midnight, when the captain might come on deck. This was done, and their good deed was not observed.

CHAPTER IV.

The stiff breeze continued all night. The sailor calls a strong, steady wind, a "stiff breeze." The ship made more knots an hour than any of the sailors had ever seen made before. But it leaned far over under the burden and pressure of the sails.

The captain did not appear upon deck until after midnight. Antonio had then relieved Juan. Down in the hold all had grown quiet. Sleep, the comforter of the wretched, had fallen upon the eyes of the unfortunates, and where the pain in the inflamed hands and feet kept sleep away, there had come the dull lethargy, which succeeds the recognition of an inevitable fate, or—death.

The captain strode the deck in the most cheerful mood. He rubbed his hands in great satisfaction. He approached Antonio.

"The cruisers have sailed toward the north, Antonio," said he, as he familiarly slapped his favorite sailor upon the shoulder. "We have an open sea, and if we keep this excellent breeze, in twenty-four hours we shall be safely out of their jaws."

"I hope so," replied Antonio, as he wrapped his blanket closer about him, for the approaching day brought with it an uncomfortable chilliness.

"Are you cold?" the captain asked laughing. "Shame upon you for a sea-dog, to be so tender!"

"It is less the chill morning air that makes me shudder, than the thought of those negroes, who are suffering agony down there in the stifling heat. How would it be, sir, if we opened the hatches a little? None of them can get out. It seems to me that it would be to your advantage. The smaller the number of those who perish, the greater will be your profit!"

"You have good common sense, Antonio, and I am pleased that you consider my interest and do not allow yourself to be moved by the foolish sympathies of a land lubber. Do so!"

Quick as a flash Antonio sprang to the hatches of the deck, and lifted them. The cool night air streamed into the pen, where the negroes lay; but a steam issued forth, like the fumes from a chimney.

Happy over the success of his scheme, he hastened back to the captain.

"If you want to be smothered, sir, then go to the hatches and breathe the fumes streaming out of the hold," he cried with a forced laugh.

"Pshaw!" said the captain, "to-morrow morning I suppose we will have to give the sharks a breakfast. I know how that is from experience. But—, what's the difference? We shall have enough left."

Antonio shuddered.

"Would it not be wiser," said he, "if you will allow me the remark, to consider more carefully the preservation of your slaves?"

"Any other man but you, would get a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails," laughed the captain. "You are a good fellow, and I am in fine spirits. You are right. What would you suggest?"

"Fresh air, sir, for that every living thing needs in order to sustain life, water and food—"

"Perhaps at the cabin table," sneered the captain.

"Not that, but enough," said Antonio, "and—

"And horse hair mattresses," the captain mocked.

"Nor that," said the sailor, deeply moved, and held his peace.

"Why are you silent, you softhearted fool, you old woman? Why do you stop with your: 'And'?"

"You are angry on account of my boldness, sir," said Antonio; "and I have no desire to make the ac-

quaintance of your cat-o'-nine-tails. 'The day breaks, sir, what flag is to be hoisted?'

"You are sly, Antonio," laughed the captain, "but you are mistaken; I am not angry with you and wish to know what was to follow your 'And'."

"You command and I obey, counting on your goodness. To-morrow morning I would bring one after the other up on deck, providing of course, that all was safe, and would wash their festering wounds with brandy. They will then heal, and your "ebony" will be fresh."

"You are a good counsellor and ought to become a judge in Santa Catharina or Rio," cried the Captain. "It shall be done."

"It will cost you little and profit you much," continued Antonio. "What flag do you order? The sun is rising above the rim of the sea, and there is no sail in sight." With this he glanced quickly around the horizon.

The captain lifted his spy glass, which he held in his hand, and carefully scanned the sea in every direction, and then said: "No, there is none in sight, the saint be praised!"

"You see," he continued, "a slaver must use trickery and deception, or things will go wrong. Hoist the stars and stripes of the United States. This will inspire wholesome respect, should any redcoat (as sailors call Englishmen), look upon us too affectionately."

"All hands on deck!" he cried.

As by magic the crew appeared on deck and fell into line, although some of them still looked pretty sleepy.

"Boys," said the captain, "the horizon is clear; it is day, and the shores of Africa have sunk in the sea. This is an elegant breeze. Why, I couldn't make it better

myself. We are making as many knots in one hour, as we usually make in three. Double portions of rum!"

"Hurrah!" yelled the sailors.

"Hush! The sea has ears!" continued the captain. "We must not grow careless. Bring the cannon on deck and load them!"

As when a gust of wind sweeps among the chaff, the sailors scattered in every direction, for each one had his particular duty.

In less than quarter of an hour the cannon were in place and loaded.

"There," said the captain with a satisfied air, "now mask them with sail as good as you can."

This was done with swiftness and yet with great care.

"And now to breakfast, boys!"

This was a welcome command, especially since there were to be double portions of rum.

After breakfast the captain commanded to bring up the negroes one by one, and to wash out their wounds with salt-water and brandy. This operation was indeed painful, but healing. But what brought an expression of dissatisfaction upon the face of the captain, was the fact, that seven children and three negro women had died during the night.

The corpses were thrown overboard without ceremony, and the sharks, which followed the ship in schools, immediately devoured them.

"Pshaw!" cried the captain. "It is a loss, of course. But what's the difference! I do not care if a dozen more die."

"O, you demon in human form!" muttered Antonio to himself, as he allowed another corpse to glide into the sea.

The negroes received their breakfast, and the hatches remained open. Antonio's advice had borne

fruit, because the captain's common sense showed the advantage of such a course.

The condition of the unfortunates was terrible. Their wounds were festering and many of them had their backs lacerated by the blows of the shambock. Many of the wounds were strongly inflamed. There was no surgeon on board, and the only one who went to any trouble to alleviate the sufferings of the poor wretches, was Antonio. The captain did not interfere with him, because he saw that what he was doing, was to his profit. He took particular interest in Cullock and the members of his family, and did everything in his power to make their unhappy condition bearable. And the boy, he seemed to love before all, and whatever he could find to give him pleasure, he brought him in secret.

The course of the vessel remained the same, the strong breeze continuing steady, swelling the sails, without however, doing harm. In spite of Antonio's care, whom the sailors nicknamed the "father of the niggers," several negroes died every day, because the heat in the pen was insufferable, and the wounds also healed but slowly and easily became mortified, producing death.

Thus the ship sailed along until it arrived off Cape-town. All danger was not yet past, but it was much less to be expected that they would be overtaken by a cruiser.

This part of the sea is much feared by seafaring men. Calms, often continuing for many days, in turn are followed by terrific storms, from whose violence there is scarcely any escape.

Here the vessel struck a calm, accompanied by an intense heat. For three days the ship did not seem to advance a foot. It was a matter of congratulation that it was not intercepted. It escaped this danger perhaps,

because its build was not like that of the common slave ships, but that it rose above the waves in slender and graceful outline. No one suspected it. It is true, that it was a lucky thing for the captain, that all sailing vessels were suffering under the same misfortune, and pursuit by cruisers was not much to be feared. But what filled the soul of the slaver with care, was the thought of the steamers, which wealthy England was using even at that early date. If one of these came into the neighborhood of the ship, discovery was certain and all would be lost.

To this constant fear there came another matter of serious concern. A contagious disease had broken out among the negroes, who were packed so closely in the pen. Impure air, little water, and poor food, sorrow and care, were the causes, and it seized upon its victims with deadly power, and swept them away in the course of a few days. The captain did not dare to leave them up on deck, because he feared discovery, and down in the narrow pen death seemed certain to many.

This situation drove the captain beside himself. His humors were unbearable, and his irritability increased day by day. The most trivial mistake on the part of the sailors brought the most severe punishment.

"If a steamer comes along, I am lost; but I would rather bury myself and my ship in the depths of the sea, than permit myself to be taken!" he often exclaimed, as he ran up and down the deck like a madman. Although a steamer was rare in those waters at that time, yet they appeared as the thing most to be dreaded by his guilty conscience.

The blacks suffered intensely under the burning rays of the sun, and even the air that entered into their pen seemed like the air from the mouth of a furnace. The disease threatened to become a pest. Several slaves died daily and even one of the sailors succumbed.

The wretched victims had grown so dulled in their suffering, that they saw the bodies of their companions in misery dragged by them with indifference, and even the falling of the corpse into the waters of the sea, no longer moved them. They bore their sufferings and perhaps considered those happy, who were relieved by death.

Only Golima, Cullock and the child had been spared until now, since Antonio tried to relieve their condition in every way. Their bed was near the hatch, where they had better air, and the sufferings from thirst Antonio would ease, though he had to deny himself the refreshment. In spite of all he found Cullock one morning attacked by the disease, and Golima in despair over his condition.

Antonio saw that the violence with which the disease had attacked him, would hasten the end. And he was not mistaken.

On the morning on the following day already, he was a corpse. When they came to get him, in order to cast his lifeless body into the sea, Golima could not control herself. She begged the sailors piteously to cast her and the child into the sea with Cullock. Even the roughest of the sailors, although they did not understand the language of the inconsolable woman, and although their hearts had been hardened against all tender feeling by their terrible traffic with human beings, were moved by the sight of her sorrow, and they knew what the unfortunate woman meant by her soft plaintive words. They showed their sympathy with her and her child, but they could not console her. She neither ate nor drank, and the sorrow of her soul grew more intense day by day.

Just at this time a furious storm broke over the vessel, which threatened death and destruction. It continued for two days and two nights. The sailors barely

found the time to remove the dead from the pen, and to give nourishment to the living. During those two days it was indeed for them a battle between life and death. Then it cleared and a favorable wind arose, driving the ship swiftly before it, and the sailors busied themselves in repairing the damage resulting from the storm.

But during these days death had held a fearful harvest among the negroes. Only thirty of them were left. Golima also had fallen a prey to the pest. Unless all were to perish miserably in the infected hold, quick and energetic methods would have to be resorted to. The captain had grown somewhat milder since he was beyond the danger of being seized. Antonio therefore ventured to approach him on the subject of the care of the slaves, and to his surprise the captain agreed with him. As the weather was beautiful, a large tent, covered with sailcloth, was erected on deck. Mats were laid under it, and now there crept out of the pen figures, whose appearance made Antonio's heart bleed. They were reeling skeletons, half corpses. The boy also, who was now without father or mother, came out. He fell around Antonio's neck, who could not restrain his tears. Just so forsaken he had been as a child, and tender mercy had taken care of him. He pressed the child to his bosom, and as he lifted his eyes to heaven, he vowed that he would be a father to the boy and thus carry off a debt which he owed his Father in heaven, for all the grace shown him during his tender years.

The changed conditions had a wonderful effect upon the negroes. The contagious disease disappeared. Those who were sick recovered, and soon the captain gratefully pressed Antonio's hand for his good and timely advice.

The captain was so friendly toward him, and his influence was so great, that he approved of everything

which he did. The negro boy was permitted to go about with Antonio in perfect freedom, and in truth, the little fellow would not leave him for a minute. They had to hold him back by force, when Antonio had to go aloft into the rigging, and then he cried until his friend returned. This affection on the part of the boy drew Antonio to him closer day by day. The anguish of the child and his sorrow over the death of his parents, had been violent, but soon passed over. He clung to Antonio, and he rewarded him with a love capable of any sacrifice. Antonio also had no one to love him, and he had never experienced so much affection in all his life. And so the child took possession of his whole heart. Every spare minute he had was devoted to the child. He played with him, and gave himself great pains to teach him the Portuguese language, and the boy being exceptionally bright, he had fine success. It was the sunlight of love, in which the boy wonderfully developed. He was so quick, so willing, and eager, and at the same time so comical, that he soon became the pet of the whole crew, and even of the captain.

Gradually the vessel was approaching those waters, where they could hourly expect to see the palmgrown coast of Brazil appear above the sea. This hope, which filled the captain and the crew with new life, filled the soul of Antonio with sorrow and care. As they drew near to their destination, there drew near also the separation from his young pet. He thought with horror of the sale of the boy as soon as they should reach the harbor of Santa Catharina. If he had possessed means, he would gladly have given all to own this boy. A thousand plans passed through his brain, but not one offered a hope of realization. His wages, earned on this unfortunate voyage, was all he had in the world, and the sum was not sufficient to pay the price of the child. But one day a bright thought came into his

mind, which showed more than anything else, how much he loved the boy.

He did not know what service on board a slave ship meant, until he entered the employ of Captain Cordela. Now he had learned to know its curse, its woe, its terrors, and his whole soul shrank from making another such a voyage. He often declared to his messmates, that he would rather beg for bread in the streets of his native town, and never again tread the deck of a vessel, than again enter the service of a slaver. They used to laugh at him and mock him, and call him a sleepy head, but he took no notice of it, and stood by his resolution. His views were not unknown to the captain. But Antonio had proven himself to be such an excellent seaman, that the captain, instead of being angry with him, sought to bind him to his service by all sorts of attentions and favors. After a severe struggle, in which his love for the boy strove with his adhorrence of the pictures of woe and cruelty, which he had seen, Antonio formed a resolution. One evening, when the cry: "Land, ahead!" was momentarily expected from the lookout, he approached the captain.

"If I had it in my power to do what you can," he said, "that fine boy would have to stay aboard, and I would train a helmsman who would vainly seek his equal. Or if you don't care for that, why I would keep him as my body slave, who would have to accompany me wherever I went."

"You are a fool over that boy," said the captain, "I would have to wait a long time for a helmsman, whom I could get much sooner, in case Juan should decide to leave the ship and desert me, and I have no need of a body slave as long as I am able to help myself. Such a thing is an unnecessary ballast on a slaver, and the selection of a negro for such a position would give me the testimony that I am an idiot. Don't you under-

stand that? And besides, have you considered the amounts I have lost on this unlucky trip? No, he shall be sold."

Antonio's head fell, and his heart almost stopped beating. At length he said:

"Captain, you seem to be satisfied with me?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "you are a first class, brave seaman, faithful, diligent, and obedient. And therefore I am sorry that you have such a soft nature and are unwilling again to serve on board a slave ship."

"Thanks, sir, for your opinion! But I was not created for service on board a slaver."

"You are a fool, I say," replied the captain. "No man has proven himself more useful than you."

"Well," rejoined Antonio, "be that as it may. I have different views than you have. The misery of those poor wretches stirs my very soul."

"Pshaw!" cried the captain. "Has anyone been talking nonsense to you? I know that there are some fools who think these niggers are human beings."

"What else should they be?" asked Antonio deeply shocked.

"They are half human, a higher kind of ape, able to talk and work," cried the captain.

"There, you may now see that you can have no use for me," said Antonio. "To me they are human beings as well as we. And you can not get this conviction out of my head."

"And so you really intend to leave me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Think a moment, Antonio. I will give you double your present wages. Do you hear? Double wages, if you will stay with me. Not every voyage is like this one. I have firmly resolved never again to take aboard so heavy a load. I have at last seen where my advantage lies."

"That may be," said Antonio. "There is but one condition under which I could stay with you, and stay as long as I live."

The captain started. "What condition is that?" he cried.

"If the boy were also always kept on board and near me," replied Antonio.

"Didn't I say it?" cried the captain, "the fellow is an incorrigible fool."

"I only ask the same wages I am now receiving," continued Antonio.

"I am sorry that I cannot grant your request, Antonio," said the captain. "In the first place it would be a most unwise thing to keep a negro on board a slave ship, who would be liable at any time to cut the bonds of his countrymen, and raise a mutiny. It would not be the first time such a thing has happened. In the second place, the boy is as good as sold. Do you know the rich old Don Xaverio Valdes, who lives in the beautiful house on the Alameda in Santa Catharina?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he is perhaps the richest man in the city. He said to me before I started on my voyage: 'Captain Cordela, if you ever come across a negro slave whom you consider particularly talented, save him for me. I will pay anything you ask for him.' Don't you see that the rich old fellow will have to pay me enough for the boy to make good the loss of three negroes?"

"I understand," said Antonio, and withdrew to his berth. His last hope had disappeared. He kissed the sleeping boy, and then gave way to his sorrow until sleep overcame him.

Since then a mountain seemed to lay upon the soul of the poor fellow, which not even the most tender caresses of the boy could remove, in fact the burden seemed but to be increased thereby. He would sit for

hours staring into the sea, and when he gazed upon the boy his eyes grew moist. He did not confide his feelings to any one. But what troubled him was the thought of leaving the boy, the first being which had ever entertained an affection for him, and become closely associated with him.

CHAPTER V.

The cry of the lookout in the shrouds: "Land! Land!" caused a shout of joy to be raised by the sailors. Only Antonio gazed sorrowfully into the distance, where the coast of Brazil soon appeared like a low hazy strip along the horizon. They had come at last to the end of their toils and trials, Antonio to the end of his happiness. This was the great difference which lay at the bottom of their varied display of feeling.

Antonio sat upon a coil of heavy rope, leaning against the deckrail, with the boy between his knees.

"Why are the people shouting so loud?" he asked in broken Portuguese.

"Do you see that narrow line along the horizon?" asked Antonio. "It is the coast of their country."

"Is it not your country also?" asked the boy.

"Yes, it is mine also."

"And are you not happy?"

Antonio sighed. "They are returning to father and mother, to wife and child," he replied sadly. "No one awaits me. I have no one there to love me."

"But I am here!" cried the boy and threw his arms about his neck.

Tears filled Antonio's eyes, which he hid by pressing the boy closely to his breast, and hiding his face in his woolly head.

After a while he said: "And yet we two will have to part."

"No, no," cried the boy. "That I will never do. "And he clung closely to his friend. "It were better for them to throw me into the sea, as they did my father and mother. O, keep me with you! I will ever be obedient, and always love you as I do now."

These words cut Antonio to the very soul. Pressing the boy passionately to his breast, he cried: "O, if only I could! Nothing should separate us, but death."

"Why can you not?" asked the boy in fright.

Antonio did not wish to tell the boy the terrible truth, and perhaps he would not even have understood him. He preferred therefore to remain silent. But the child so pressed him with his questions and petitions, that he was glad to be able to escape giving him an answer, at least for the present, when the command of the captain summoned him away.

On the following morning the coast lay before them. The mountains of the interior appeared clothed in a delicate bluish haze, and the shore, in some places even the rocky coast, was covered with green of every shade. The scene was beautiful. Swiftly they approached the shore, whose details the naked eye was soon able to distinguish. The captain himself now took the wheel, because here he was thoroughly acquainted with every inch of ground.

When they came near to Santa Catharina a pilot came on board, to whom the captain resigned the wheel. Then the health officers of the port arrived, and finding some of the negroes still sick, they left the ship with orders to anchor in the outer harbor, and to hoist

the yellow flag, since the vessel would have to be quarantined from three to four weeks.

This was a bitter piece of news for the captain, who knew however, that these people very much relaxed their strictness under a bribe. He called them back. A slave dealer, who carries on such a vile and godless business, is not particular about the matter of honesty, and unfortunately there are so many people who can be approached with bribes, and become faithless in the discharge of their duty. This one thing is certain before God and men, that he who offers a bribe is just as much to be condemned, as the one who receives it, and permits himself to be turned from the discharge of his duty. But one must not be surprised to find such corruption in a country, where men are bought and sold like beasts, where slavery is permitted and legally protected.

When the captain returned to the vessel he smiled slyly and remarked: "The yellow flag will only wave two weeks from the top of the mizzen."

The yellow flag is the signal that there is contagious disease on board. As soon as it is hoisted, all communication with the shore ceases, except when a boat under guard, approaches to supply the ship with fresh victuals. Quarantine is maintained until it is certain that every trace of disease has disappeared. This care that no contagious disease is introduced, is extremely necessary. It is well-known that the terrible plague is found in Africa as well as in Asia, also cholera, and other contagious diseases. These diseases are spread by persons who are afflicted with them, coming over in vessels, but can also be introduced by merchandise infected with disease germs, such as wool, cotton etc. Whenever a vessel arrives from such a plague district, it must lie at anchor until the doctors declare that every danger is past. Formerly the death penalty was in-

flicted upon anyone who broke the quarantine, and secretly landed from a vessel upon which the yellow flag had been hoisted.

There are found on every coast men, who belong to a reckless and dangerous class, who break the laws of God and man with utmost shamelessness, carrying on unlawful trade, and differing little from common thieves and murderers. These are the smugglers. As necessary as the quarantine laws are, these smugglers succeed in putting themselves in communication with a quarantined vessel, under cover of the night. And so it was here. Captain Cordela, being a most unscrupulous person, did not hesitate to take advantage of this circumstance to gain his ends. There is a connection between our various doings; one depends upon the other, and well has the Bible said: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." It would be well for us all to take this lesson to heart. Shun the so-called little sins and you will not be in so much danger of falling into great sins. But if any man permits the stealing of human beings, buys and sells them like cattle, to him nothing would appear sinful; he is capable of doing the worst things without hesitation.

There is no question, that a quarantine is exceedingly disagreeable to men, who have come from a long journey, and are eager to see their families and friends, and to escape from the tiresome and monotonous life of the ship. But it is a most necessary arrangement and must be strictly enforced.

Thus the vessel lay at anchor, lazily rocking upon the waves of the harbor of Santa Catharina, in spite of bribes, even though there was not a single patient on board, and only a few, who showed traces of having been ill. To have the shore before them and yet not be permitted to land, was most irritating for all, especially





for the captain. But he was too shrewd not to draw some business advantage even out of such a situation. He proposed to have the report spread, that British cruisers had seized six slave ships, and that for this reason very few slaves would be brought to market. But he was bringing Eboes, an excellent class of slaves. The abominable falsehood he was spreading, did not disturb his conscience, so long as he drove up the price of his slaves. He suggested to Antonio, that he should carry out this trick.

Antonio refused, even though he was most anxious to get to shore for other reasons. "Let the smugglers, who bring your victuals, do that," said he.

This might well be done, and the captain, who did not wish to spoil his chance of retaining Antonio, said no more about it, even though the refusal angered him.

"But how can I be sure that these rascals will do it, even though I pay them well?" said the captain. "Will you not at least do this for me? Go ashore and find out whether they spread the report or not! You are only to hear what people say and bring me word."

Quick as a flash, Antonio caught at the word. He saw no wrong in the proposition and immediately assented. One thought was uppermost in his mind; he wished to go to Don Xaverio Valdes and see if he could not obtain work with him, so as to be near the boy. He set his whole hope upon this move.

Night had scarcely thrown her mantle over land and sea, and all life and traffic begun to rest, ere the smugglers came in their boats to supply whatever was needed of fruits and vegetables, which the fertile coasts of Brazil supplied in abundance. The captain called them aboard and promised them a fine sum of money if they would spread the report. Without hesitation they entered in upon the scheme, and after they had enjoyed some of the products of Africa, which the captain still

had left, they reentered their boats and took Antonio with them, who had to go ashore on other business of the captain, as he declared.

Silently and with regular stroke they rowed toward the shore. No one took notice of them, for the coast guards are usually in league with them. After a short while they landed in a little cove, where they hid their boat under overhanging branches, and soon they were in the city.

Antonio, who had received some money from the captain, looked up a lodging house, and having found what he wanted, took a good long rest, undisturbed by the rocking of the ship, or the ceaseless splash of waves. Most earnestly he prayed that his honest purpose might succeed, and that he might not be separated from his young friend.

CHAPTER VI

Up to this point I have been compelled to give my readers a glimpse into a life, from which they would rather have turned away, a life estranged from God and everything, which is holy and true, and given over to the gratification of wild and brutal passions; a life utterly lacking in the peace of God, because it lacked God. Unfortunately we find examples of godlessness about us also, which fill us with loathing and disgust, and which ought to teach us to love the more that which is noble and godly. If Antonio's naturally good and true heart, which had been hardened by his rough surroundings, was again awakened to a sense of duty and a desire for nobler and better things by the excess of

wickedness, which he had seen from day to day, why should we not also have a similar experience? As during the dark night we yearn for the return of day, so let us turn from the evil, whenever we see its repulsive face, and joyfully greet virtue.

The course through which the Lord found it well to lead the poor negro boy, now permits me to direct your attention to another life. We shall leave the slave dealer, who continued his accursed business until the avenging arm of the Lord found him. Upon a voyage to Africa he was overtaken by a terrible hurricane in the Indian Ocean, and the vessel with all aboard went down, so that not even a trace of any of them was ever found. He did not escape the arm of Him who judges aright, and the sea, upon which he had spent the greater part of his godless life, became the instrument of vengeance.

In Santa Catharina the family of the Valdes had enjoyed distinction ever since the city had been founded by Portuguese immigrants. The family originally came from Spain, but the founder of this house had entered Portuguese service as a general, and later purchased extensive property near Santa Catharina, and gradually the family had become very wealthy. But now it had died out with the exception of one member. This was Don Xaverio Valdes, who, himself well advanced in years, lived all alone in his magnificent palace. He had not always lived thus. He had been most happily married, but a fatal fever had taken away his wife. This misfortune threw him into deep despondency for a long time. Only after years his spirits began to revive somewhat, but he continued to withdraw himself from the world and its pleasure, and lived along quietly. He considered it his chief business in life, to use the wealth which God had given him, to relieve suffering and woe. All slaves on his extensive plantations had long since

been given their freedom, in spite of the bitter protest of the defenders of slavery. They had prophesied the loss of all his wealth, but that did not keep the man from carrying out his noble and holy purpose. The result proved those inhuman slave holders to be liars. The negroes of his plantations whom he had freed, and for whom he provided careful moral and religious instruction, stood ready to lay down their lives for him at any time. And even when, besides having given them full freedom, he gave to each one a parcel of ground from whose products they could support themselves, they continued to work for him as laborers, and discharged their duty more faithfully than the slaves, who had felt the knotted whip of the overseer under his predecessors.

His large, palatial residence, in which he lived his quiet, good life, attended by a few trustworthy servants, lay on the Alameda, the shady driveway of the city. Large gardens, in which plants, bushes, and trees from all parts of the world flourished, lay around the buildings, and the property was surrounded by a high brick wall.

Don Xaverio was seldom seen excepting at Church, where he never failed to publicly worship his Lord. He had few friends with whom he associated; but where wretchedness and woe was found, his old negro attendant Ulpio, who was more friend than servant, used to appear with refreshments and assistance, and wherever there was sickness among the poor, the physician came, sent by Don Xaverio.

He had once met Captain Cordela, who was known as a slave dealer, and he had said to him: "If ever you come across a talented negro boy, keep him for me. I promise beforehand to pay you whatever you shall ask." This was a man according to the captain's liking, and since he had observed the little negro slave in whom

Antonio had become so much interested, and seen his aptness, and the remarkable ease with which he acquired a knowledge of the Portuguese language, it had become a settled matter with him to sell the boy to Don Xaverio Valdes. He hoped to get enough for him to make up for the loss of several of the other negroes, as he frankly acknowledged to Antonio, and it was this circumstance that suggested to Antonio the plan, which he determined to carry out in spite of the danger connected with his going ashore contrary to the law.

Antonio was most anxious to see Don Xaverio Valdes, in whom he reposed great hopes, although he did not know exactly how to present his plan. Twice he had stood at the gate of Don Xaverio's palace on the morning after his landing, and each time his courage had failed him. He felt that it was a decisive step he was about to take, and the happiness of his future life depended upon its success.

At last, it was near noon, and the sun poured its burning rays down upon the parched earth, he approached the gate for the third time. This time he entered and requested an interview with Don Xaverio.

The negro Ulpio thinking him some poor unfortunate seeking assistance, quickly led him to his master.

Don Xaverio was a venerable gentleman with such a kind manner, and such an encouraging smile upon his lips, that Antonio felt his heart grow much lighter.

"What can I do for you?" asked Don Xaverio kindly.

Antonio began to twirl his sailor's cap so that it revolved faster and faster between his nervous fingers, but he did not seem to find the words with which to begin. At last he said:

"Are you the gentleman who ordered Don Cor-

dela, I mean the captain, that is— — confound it!—the slave dealer, to sell you a child?"

"It was my intention to have such a child educated and brought up a Christian," Don Xaverio replied with some embarrassment. "To have one stolen,—no! God forbid! I wished to save one."

"I thought so," replied Antonio. "You are a good man, and would not bring blood upon your soul."

"Be seated," continued Don Xaverio. "Tell me how do you know all this, and what brings you to me?"

Antonio's courage rose, and he opened his heart. He told him his fortunes up to the time of his taking service with Cordela on the slave ship. The tone of his voice betrayed the sorrow of his heart, and he made a deep impression upon Don Xaverio.

Then Antonio described his experiences in Africa, and on board the slave ship. The loathing which filled his soul and his deep anger were plainly reflected in his voice and words. He frequently interrupted his narrative by animated expressions of his feelings. Thus, jumping from his seat, he once cried: "No, sir, I would rather beg bread in the streets of my native town, than receive double pay upon another such a voyage, as the captain promised. It is nothing but man-stealing and murder!"

Don Xaxerio began to be more and more impressed with the honest character of the sailor, who spoke so frankly and freely, and opened his heart so artlessly.

Finally he came to speak about the boy. Here the truth of the Scriptures was beautifully shown: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. "His praise of the boy showed his deep love for him. He told of all his plans and attempts to stay with the child, all of which proved futile, and at last he cried out: "Sir, if I can not see the boy every day, I will die!" And as he spoke large tears ran down his weather-

beaten face. As he impatiently brushed them away he grumbled: "Foolish eyes! They always give me water, when I have to look toward the light!"

Don Valdes smiled, and yet it cost him an effort to control his own feelings, as he saw how the man struggled to overcome his emotion, and endeavored to persuade himself that his tears were caused by the sharp light, although they were caused by the deep feeling of his heart. Don Xaverio saw through his plan clearly, and had already come to a decision as to what he would do.

"And you believe," he began again, "that Cordela will sell him to me?"

"Certainly, without a doubt," was Antonio's answer. "But—he stopped in evident embarrassment.

"Why do you hesitate? Speak," Don Xaverio encouraged him.

"Well," continued Antonio, "it would be a great relief to me, and I would thank God, if he came into your hands; but—what would become of me?"

"Why?" asked Don Xaverio.

"If you are not stark blind," continued Antonio, "you must have seen, that a separation from the boy would break my heart."

"But if you remain here, you can see him every day," said Don Xaverio.

"Of course," Antonio broke in; "but a man can not live on wind and hope. A church mouse is a millionaire compared to me."

"But what is to be done?" asked Don Xaverio.

"Ah, kind sir," said Antonio, "do not torture me. You know what I wish, and yet have not the courage to ask."

Thereupon Don Xaverio gave him his hand and

said: "Yes, I know. You wish me to take you into my service together with the boy."

"Ah," cried Antonio, "if you know that so well, let me tell you something more: I do not ask for wages. Give me bread, the necessary clothing, and a corner to sleep in; only let me be near the boy, to whom I am attached with my whole soul. I will work until the perspiration runs from my forehead, as long as I can move a finger. You shall not have a more faithful servant, only have pity upon me, buy the boy, and let me be **near him.**"

"Your wish is granted," said Don Xaverio deeply moved.

Antonio reeled and had to support himself. Then he folded his hands and prayed silently. And then he cried out joyfully: "May God reward you for the kindness you have shown me."

Then he arose and prepared to go.

"You may remain here, Antonio," said Don Xaverio. "The captain is not yet out of quarantine. You can live here. I will immediately assign you your duties. The superintendent of my gardens has just died, and you shall have his place. I will give you a salary which shall be satisfactory. But perhaps you have some other business to transact?"

"I will frankly tell you what brought me to shore," said Antonio. "In the first place it was the matter you have granted me, and in the second place a commission from the captain. I will come back and stay here until I can return to the ship. In the meantime, I would advise you to purchase the boy through me while he is still on board. Such a soul seller knows nothing about keeping a promise. He might take a notion to sell him to some one else."

"That will arrange itself," said Don Xaverio smil-





ing, and Antonio went his way, his face beaming with satisfaction.

Although many had gone out from that house with a happy heart, very few were ever so happy as Antonio. Now all his anxiety about being separated from the boy was taken from him. His own future also had become bright, and the fear that he would some time have to share the lot of so many an old sailor compelled to beg for bread when unable to work, was removed. In a most happy mood he wandered about the city and learned, that the rumors which the captain had caused to be spread, were everywhere received with credit.

When he had made stir of this, he prepared to return on board. But the purchase of the boy still troubled him. However, Don Xaverio relieved him of this care by giving him a personal letter to the captain, which was perfectly satisfactory. Moreover the report which Antonio brought put the captain in good humor, and aroused in him again the desire to secure for himself the services of the sailor. Antonio, who mistrusted him and feared to arouse his anger, did not exactly refuse, but he would not consent either. Moreover he was very careful not to let him know what offer Don Xaverio had made him. The captain granted him time to think the matter over until he had disembarked his cargo.

The health officers came on board again after ten days. They found no new cases, and since the presents of the captain fully convinced them that all was well on board, they ordered the yellow flag to be lowered to the great satisfaction of the crew, and the ship entered the harbor. The ship had hardly cast her anchor, before an agent from Don Xaverio appeared on board to take the boy. But as gentle as the child had been until now, so violent he became when they wished to remove him. He would not leave without Antonio. The cap-

tain himself had to request the sailor to pack up his few things and go with him and remain with him a few days until he should have grown accustomed to his new master. He paid him his wages and invited him to come aboard as often as he could.

Antonio left the ship just as numerous slave dealers, who could not await the sale, came on board, a sure sign how well the lying reports which the captain had caused to be spread, had done their work.

At first the boy was very shy. He would approach no one. Only Don Xaverio's mild manner won his heart. He would not for a moment go away from Antonio, just as if he were afraid, that Antonio would leave him. He assisted him in his work in the garden, where Don Xaverio had assigned Antonio to work, and explained to him just how he wished everything to be done. Xaverio permitted this, because it was his desire that the boy should become thoroughly accustomed to his surroundings, before he had him educated. But Antonio soon made him willing, and instruction in religion and in other branches of learning began in earnest after a few days. Don Xaverio, who had frequently tried the same experiment in vain, was amazed at the rapidity with which the boy grasped the instruction offered him. He made remarkable advances, not only in his studies, but also in his behaviour. He became more gentle, willing, obedient, and refined from day to day. Antonio contributed a good bit toward the attainment of this result. During his unemployed hours he was with the boy continually, and held a relation over against him like that of an affectionate father toward his son. At the end of a year of such instruction, the boy received the holy sacrament of Baptism in the cathedral of Santa Catharina, the name of Simon being given him.

The effect which his baptism had upon him was very

deep. He became even more quiet and earnest, and devoutly followed the teachings of his religion. It was touching to hear how earnestly he prayed for the souls of his parents day by day. He became even more gentle and tender than before, and ever eager to serve in any way, and more faithful in his work with Antonio, whose love and care he appreciated more and more.

There was no doubt about Don Xaverio's intention to grant him his freedom. The touching gratitude of the boy toward his aged benefactor, moved him to bestow the greater care upon his education. This tender gratitude never changed in spite of the peculiar whims which the old gentleman sometimes had, and about which Antonio would now and then complain.

Some years thus passed in peace and happiness. Simon was the favorite of the whole household, particularly of the old freedman, the negro Ulpio, and Antonio. He grew very fast, and became remarkably strong, active, and animated. His knowledge was exceptional. Being a good penman, he kept Don Xaverio's books, and was treated as though he were his own son. Under these circumstances no one seemed to think that Simon was still a slave, the property of Don Xaverio. The old gentleman had begun to take his comfort, and put off from day to day giving him his freedom in a legal manner. Only Ulpio never lost sight of this important matter, and frequently reminded Don Xaverio of it, until one day, without the knowledge of Simon and Antonio, he wrote the letter and placed it in his desk.

Again several years passed, and the matter was not again touched upon. Ulpio was contented because he knew that the letter of manumission had been written. During this time a heavier blow fell upon Simon than any he had experienced, since the death of his parents. Then he was but a little child, and could not appreciate

the greatness of his loss. But now faithful Antonio fell ill, and he did not recover. The hardships which the sailor had endured, prematurely aged him, and during the last years of his life, he had suffered a great deal from rheumatism. The wages Don Xaverio had given him, he never used, and now left the sum, though not large, to Simon. Ulpio saw to it that the money was safely invested.

Simon cared for his paternal friend most tenderly. He never left his bedside day or night, and when Antonio would speak of his approaching end, Simon would weep bitterly. But in spite of all care on the part of Simon and of the physician, the old sailor succumbed to his sickness, and breathed out his soul in Simon's arms.

This was an overwhelming loss to the young man, who was inconsolable. He lost all pleasure in his surroundings, and for a time Don Xaverio actually feared for his life. He attended strictly to his duty, but no smile appeared upon his face, and he shunned all society, even that of Ulpio and Don Xaverio. He scarcely ate enough to keep body and soul together, wasted away, and sank into a state of melancholy. It was only after the worthy clergyman who had baptized him, had earnestly spoken to him, that he began to show some improvement. But while he took somewhat more interest in his surroundings, his earnest and serious manner remained the same. But this misfortune was not to be the only one he was to suffer.

Don Xaverio was nearly eighty years old, an aged man with snowy, white hair, and bent with years. His strength, which a most carefully regulated life, had long sustained, now began to fail visibly. One morning Ulpio found him lying dead upon his couch, his hands folded, and his glassy eye turned heavenward. He had died while in prayer.

If the death of Don Xaverio was esteemed a great loss by all the citizens of the city, it was felt the more keenly by those who had been associated with him. Santa Catharina was in mourning, and only now it was learned how the man had used his great wealth to ease suffering and want. There were now published deeds of kindness, over which, upon his urgent request, the mantle of secrecy had rested. His name was upon everybody's lips and his loss was mourned by all, but chiefly by the poor and needy.

His palace was in truth become a house of mourning, and no one mourned more sincerely than Ulpio and Simon.

"What shall become of me now?" Simon mourned one day as he sat together with Ulpio.

"You can earn your bread easily, for Don Xaverio has had you well educated," said Ulpio. "The wise and intelligent need not starve."

"But am I free?" sighed Simon.

"Do not worry," answered Ulpio. "I have seen your letter of manumission. It is in the desk with Don Xaverio's testament."

This put Simon somewhat at ease. But everything lay under seal, because Don Xaverio's sole heir, who lived in Rio grande do Sul, was hourly expected.

CHAPTER VII.

The noble Don Xaverio had been laid to rest almost a week, when his heir, Don Carlos Valdes, a distant, very wealthy relative arrived. He was no Xaverio. He showed himself at once to be a proud and harsh man. He treated Ulpio, and Simon, and the few servants like slaves and demanded of Simon the mean-

est services. Ulpio showed his letter of manumission and declared, although most respectfully, that he would leave the house at once, and that Simon would accompany him, since he also was a freedman. Don Carlos could not hinder Ulpio, but Simon could not show his letter of manumission. In vain did Ulpio insist that he had been freed, in vain was his assurance that the letter lay with the testament, even describing the place where it could be found.

Don Carlos drove him from the house, and because Simon refused to perform the duties of a slave, he had him bound by his own slaves who accompanied him, and locked up in a cellar.

Ulpio hastened to the judge in order to secure the release of the unfortunate man. The judge however, bribed by Don Carlos, refused to interfere, because no letter of manumission could be produced. In vain Ulpio assured him that the letter would be found with the testament; when the seal was broken neither the letter of manumission, nor the testament were found. And yet Ulpio had seen both with his own eyes.

There could be no doubt, in fact the whole populace was convinced, that Don Xaverio had secured the future of his favorite, and had liberally provided for all his faithful servants; however, the testament could not be found anywhere, and Simon was a slave. A dreadful future was before him, since Don Carlos hated him bitterly.

Ulpio had saved up a small fortune for himself during his years of service with Don Xaverio. The faithful old man offered the highest price ever paid for a slave, if Simon were set free; but Don Carlos was his owner and refused to accept even such an enticing offer. Greed and the filthy love of money, which held the mastery over Don Carlos, were not considered now,

if only he could take his revenge upon the slave who had refused to serve him.

How great his greed and love for money were, showed itself in numberless instances. He sold the beautiful residence, the gardens, the plantations around Santa Catharina, the furniture and implements, and even the papers which appeared worthless. A grocer purchased these, to wrap up his wares. When everything had been sold and Don Carlos left the city, Simon, who looked like a skeleton, was taken to Rio grande do Sul, where Don Carlos lived on his plantation.

Ulpio, who had taken rooms with a grocer from whom he was accustomed to purchase his necessities, tried everything to save Simon; but all his efforts proved unsuccessful. His enormous wealth was like a wall of fire about Don Carlos, so that it seemed impossible for any one to get at him, and mete out to him deserved punishment for his crimes. Ulpio openly charged Don Carlos with having removed the testament as well as Simon's letter of manumission, partly for the purpose of making himself the sole heir to the immense wealth of Don Xaverio, and partly to take vengeance on Simon, who had refused him obedience, and whose intelligence and varied knowledge filled him with hatred.

No slave owner about Rio grande do Sul had such an evil reputation as Don Carlos Valdes. As great as was his wealth, so great was his miserliness and his greed, and his passion for money was only equaled by his harshness and his cruelty toward his slaves. He had in his employ a slave keeper who had been a bandit and robber in Mexico, and who had lost the last vestige of feeling in the service of a man, who was most inhuman. Only the iron hand of this keeper restrained the negroes. More than once they threatened to rise like the swollen waters of a stream flooding over the banks.

Perhaps they were also restrained by another more gentle person, who however, also suffered keenly under the burden of Don Carlos' vile character.

As if the Lord had intended to counterbalance the merciless harshness of the man, He had placed at his side an angel in human form, namely his wife, Donna Elvira. She was as mild and gentle, as tender and merciful, as any human soul could be. She repaired many a wrong committed by her husband, healed wounds which he had inflicted, and thus endeavored to soften the curse which was gathering upon his head. Her pious soul shrank from every wrong, from every dishonest deed, and from every brutality, of which her degenerate husband bragged even before her.

When he returned from Santa Catharina, he rejoiced over the immense wealth, which was added to his own by the will of his aged relative.

"It might have been fully one third more," he cried, "if the old fool had not been in the habit of giving whole handfuls of money to every vagabond, who came along, and thus squandered much. Just think of his foolishness, Elvira! He gave freedom to all his slaves and thus reduced his possessions perhaps to one half. What a capital was lost!"

"But was there not one slave whom you had bound and brought here?" she asked. "Did he not liberate him? What crime did he commit?"

Don Carlos did not answer this question until he had given free vent to his anger over Don Xaverio's foolishness, in having been the benefactor of suffering humanity.

"Just think of it," he continued in his anger. "There he goes and makes a will in which he sets aside rich legacies for the churches of Santa Catharina. As if these were not rich enough already! Then he gives a fortune to an old negro named Ulpio, and an equal

sum to a young negro whom he had educated, besides giving him his freedom. Finally he gives large bequests to his old servants so that they could have lived as lords.—In short, it was a crazy document, which I therefore threw into the fire and burned, so as not to be the loser myself by the foolish notions of a childish old man."

Donna Elvira shuddered. "You did that?" she asked with such an expression of feeling, that the criminal was much disturbed thereby.

"It was not actually I, who did it," he said uneasily, for he became conscious of his depravity. "It was the judge whom I gave it for that purpose, and whose trusty services I had secured beforehand with gold."

Donna Elvira deeply moved, folded her hands and looked up to heaven. Her husband did as if he did not observe her. At any other time he would have grown furious.

The suffering woman remained silent, because she had everything to fear if the anger of this wretch were aroused, for then he knew no bounds.

"But how could you bring Simon here as a slave, if he was freed?" she asked mournfully, scarcely able to control her feelings.

"Because his letter of manumission lay with the testament, and he did not have it in his hands, like old Ulpio. Here I have it among these papers."

He drew forth a bundle of papers and began to glance through them. But he became very much disturbed during the search. Once more he glanced through them—the letter of manumission could not be found. For some time he sat in deep thought. What could have become of it? The missing document disturbed him greatly. But after some thought he cried: "He is in my power." Then he continued: "You ask,

what he did? He is a negro who refused to render me his service as slave, because he has been completely spoiled by a foolish old man, and has become puffed up and selfwilled in his pride." He gnashed his teeth at the very memory. "But I will tame him yet! I have put him under Pablo's charge, he knows how to make stubborn dogs docile. I think I will go out and see what has happened."

He went out.

Donna Elvira was as pale as a corpse. The utter degeneration of her husband had moved her deeply. Weeping aloud she hastened to her own apartments. There she sank down upon her knees and poured out her heart in earnest prayer.

It was a long time before she grew calm enough to think connectedly. Then she wrote a long letter to a relative, who was a priest in Santa Catharina. Under the seal of confession she confided to him all her husband had told her. She also placed at his disposal a large sum of money with which to obtain possession of the stolen testament from the corrupt judge, if it were not too late. She urged him finally, to institute a careful search for Simon's letter of manumission, which might possibly be found.

When Don Carlos entered the vestibule he found awaiting him there a man dressed in the airy, light colored garments, which the intense heat of that climate made necessary. In his hand he held a sombrero, or broadbrimmed straw hat, while from his belt there dangled a lash, somewhat like the one called "cat-o'-nine-tails" on board the ship. In stature he was short and thick set, and his face bore an unmistakable expression of treachery and villainy. As Don Carlos stepped out of his door he bowed almost to the ground.

"Pablo," cried Don Carlos, "how is it with the slave?"

"I have given him a reminder which he will keep as long as he lives," said the overseer with a cruel laugh.

"And how did he take it?" asked Carlos.

"Patiently and quietly," was the reply.

"Bah!" said Don Carlos. "I would rather the lashing had made him raving mad."

"I did what I could, but did not succeed in drawing from him so much as a murmur," answered the overseer. "He now lies in his hut senseless and bleeding. If he were to die, sir—"

"You but did your duty. It would not matter."

"Certainly I!" said the overseer; but it has aroused bad blood among the negroes."

"What?" yelled Don Carlos. "The dogs dare to bark?"

"Not that exactly," replied Pablo, "but I would not dare to do that sort of thing before their eyes again."

"You?" asked Don Carlos. "Must I then use the lash?"

Pablo bowed and shrugged his shoulders. "Four hundred negroes and about thirty whites—Sir, we will have to be more careful."

Don Carlos grew pale at these words. He was just as cowardly as he was cruel. He recognized the danger. "Let him heal before you use the lash on him again. Will he be able to work to-morrow?"

"Not for a week."

"Then you struck him good indeed. Well, let us wait our chance. He will not fail to afford you an occasion. If he dies, well, then there is one less of them, and—he didn't cost me anything!" With this he dismissed the overseer.

Donna Elvira, whose apartments also had a door leading to this vestibule, must have overheard this con-

versation, for when her husband had retired to rest, a female slave hurried below to find out the hut of the poor unfortunate, and when the darkness of the night fell and quiet reigned over the plantation, two female figures stealthily left the palatial residence and proceeded towards the huts of the slaves, one of them bearing a basket.

When they drew near to Simon's hut, they observed light burning within, and through cracks they saw negroes and negresses busied about the unfortunate man. They washed out his wounds, removed parts of flesh which hung loose, and adjusted bandages. They whispered among themselves and above their whispering was heard the groaning of the sufferer.

"He lives," whispered Elvira, and both entered.

As the door opened, the negroes who were doing Samaritan duty, were seized with terror, for they feared that it might be the justly dreaded Pablo. But when they beheld their mistress, they stretched out their hands toward her, and from all sides was heard the greeting "Massa, buona massa," and the expression of fear on their faces, gave way to an expression of grateful love. She brought a healing balsam, such as is made in Peru, rags, bandages, and refreshments for poor Simon. Then she directed the bandaging of his lacerated back, had stimulants administered, and a soft couch prepared. She left only after all had been done as she directed, and the benedictions of all followed her.

The overseer, of course, found out everything, but he neither dared to interfere, nor to inform his cruel master. Besides he saw in what Donna Elvira did, a means to allay the fury of the negroes directed against him and the master. He was glad of this, because he saw a storm brewing in consequence of the cruel treatment, which threatened death and destruction to all whites. He knew perfectly well that Don Carlos, who

was busy with his newly acquired wealth, would not trouble himself in the least about the negro, and, just as he gave out that in the merciless lashing of Simon he had but fulfilled the command of his master, so now he took a share in the secret work of love and mercy done by Donna Elvira. The sly scoundrel did this because, foreseeing evil to come, he wished to turn the storm away from his own contemptible person.

Simon's youthful and sturdy constitution successfully overcame the fearful pains of his barbarous abuse, under which a less powerful constitution must inevitably have succumbed. He bore his sufferings with wonderful patience, and was most thankful toward the compassionate negroes for their kindness, which they showed him under great danger to themselves. He was grateful especially for the tender care of his mistress, who came to him every night, and whose sympathy for him increased, the more she learned of his exceptional culture, and his sincere Christian spirit.

Quite a number of days passed before Simon had so far recovered from his wounds as to be able to get up and move about.

Pablo out of consideration for Donna Elvira, spared him until he had entirely recovered, but then he had to go to work on the plantation like all the rest, and when his strength gave out, because he was not accustomed to such hard labor, the lash was laid upon him, and Pablo cursed him even more than the others, especially if he discovered Don Carlos anywhere in the neighborhood. Don Carlos himself allowed no opportunity to pass without humiliating him, and tortured him with studied cruelty. The negroes however, held Simon in greatest honor and bowed beneath his superior intelligence. But just for this reason every insult offered him, every punishment and abuse inflicted upon him, excited them in a most serious manner. The

secret of the negroes did not long remain hidden from the shrewd Pablo. Their hatred grew from day to day under their harsh treatment. They naturally looked to Simon, whom they had chosen as their leader, when their determination to be avenged had ripened.

At length a meeting was arranged and Simon was invited to be present. It was to be held at night. Not one of the negroes suspected that Pablo, the tricky Mexican, had full knowledge of their doings, and that by creeping close to them with the stealthiness of a cat, he had heard them make their plans.

He revealed everything to his master, who was thoroughly frightened. However, Pablo succeeded in persuading him to become a witness of the meeting by giving him the assurance that his hiding-place would not be discovered.

The fiercest and most embittered negroes had met. Simon also was among them. He calmly listened to all they had to present, to the story of their wrongs by which they had been inflamed to a madness as blood-thirsty as that of the tiger, a madness which would be satisfied only with the blood of their tormentors. When they had finished Simon arose and with all the superiority, which his education and his noble character gave him, he spoke to them.

He most earnestly advised against all violence. It is true, he spared those who were responsible for their unendurable sufferings, just as little as the other negroes. On the other hand he refused to accept the proffered leadership, and would have nothing to do with the whole movement. Besides he reminded them of the consequences, for the master would certainly appeal to the government for aid.

The negroes were dissatisfied with Simon, and refused to give up their plan. They also determined to

carry it out at the earliest possible time. Then the meeting dispersed.

Don Carlos had gazed into an abyss in which he must be destroyed, perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow. Fear on the one side and uncontrollable rage on the other, unsettled him so, that he could formulate no plan of action. And thus it came that he put himself under the influence of Pablo by seeking his advice. The Mexican was very nervous himself, because the negroes had mentioned his name with the same bitterness as that of his employer. He advised Don Carlos to send for troops from Rio grande do Sul, to have every one of the ringleaders, whose meeting they had spied upon, seized and given over to exemplary punishment, because he could trust them no longer anyway.

Without arousing suspicion Don Carlos acted upon this suggestion. To him, coward that he was, this seemed the only way in which he could save his life, at the same time it gave him a chance to get revenge because of the things which he had heard said about himself.

One day sixty soldiers unexpectedly appeared on the plantation. Mortal terror fell upon the negroes, when fifteen of their number were taken prisoners, locked in chains, and taken to Rio grande do Sul. After this they completely subjected themselves under the heavy joke which was put upon them.

Among those fifteen was Simon, even though he had offered only good advice. Don Carlos only regretted that now he would be either shot or hung, and that he would therefore not have the chance of seeing him lashed to death before his eyes. But he could not deny himself the satisfaction of remaining in Rio grande do Sul until the sentence should have been executed.

This affair caused intense excitement. As usual, men took sides, one party declaring itself against Don

Carlos most forcibly. Whole Rio grande do Sul, indeed the whole province was aroused. All slave-owners recognized the inestimable importance of the verdict to be rendered by the hastily convened court, for their safety, their very existence depended upon it. When this fact was considered, and when the natural unfriendliness of the whites toward the blacks was taken into account, there could be no doubt whatever about the verdict. It would be unfavorable to the blacks.

Don Carlos saw this turn of affairs with great satisfaction. There was not the least doubt in his mind but that his immense wealth, secretly applied by the wily Pablo, would convince the judges of his perfect innocence. Only two of these were upright men, not to be bribed, who laid great weight upon the testimony of Simon, whose intelligence and refinement deeply impressed them. They were not at all inclined to believe that Don Carlos Valdes was so perfectly blameless.

CHAPTER VIII.

But before the court in Rio grande do Sul came to a decision, indeed, even before the witnesses had testified in the matter, circumstances occurred in Santa Catharina, which lay so utterly beyond the sphere of human calculation, as to clearly prove the influence of a supreme will upon the affairs of men.

It has already been related how old, faithful Ulpio had taken a room with a groceryman, where he spent the days of his age in peace and quiet, and without suffering any want. The old negro, who had nothing to do and stood in the very best relation to the groceryman, who was also an old man and loved to talk, used

to spend the whole day sitting in the little grocery smoking, and chatting with the proprietor, or his customers. Sometimes he would put up in bags the groceries which had been purchased, or wrap them in paper which he took from a large basket in which a great quantity of it had been packed.

One day while he was again thus engaged in passing his time with his slight service for his friend, a paper fell into his hands which was carefully folded. He opened it and found a seal attached to it. He had never in his life learned to read, but he at once recognized the seal as that which he had seen hundreds of times in the house of Don Xaverio Valdes, the old man being in the habit of placing it upon all letters of importance.

"How did you come by this paper?" he asked the groceryman. "This is the seal of my never-to-be-forgotten master, Don Xaverio Valdes."

"Are you surprised at that, old man?" laughingly said the groceryman. "Then I will tell you that all the papers in that basket have come from the house of that excellent man. His greedy heir whom you also learned to know as such, wishing to derive profit out of everything, sold me four such baskets full of paper for ten milreis, and I thus cheaply purchased wrapping paper enough for years to come."

"The love of money is truly the root of all evil," said Ulpio.

"Surely," replied the groceryman, as he took the paper from Ulpio's hands to glance at its contents, while the negro absentmindedly took another piece of paper from the basket to fold into a bag.

Ulpio had made about a half a dozen bags before his friend, who was no great reader himself, having put on his glasses, had studied out the document.

"Strange!" he cried. "This is a correct, formal,

and perfectly legal letter of manumission, which Don Xaverio Valdes issued to one of his negroes."

Ulpio leaped to his feet with an alacrity none would have expected in a man of his age, and seizing the arm of the groceryman, excitedly asked: "What is the name of the negro?"

"Well, well," remarked the groceryman half angrily, "the matter is not so urgent that you have to tear and squeeze a fellow black and blue! A person would suppose you were crazy! Simon is the name!"

Ulpio gave a cry which frightened the groceryman and convinced him that the poor old negro had suddenly gone mad. But when he turned to Ulpio he saw him lying on his knees, his hands folded, and praying.

The groceryman shook his head. "He isn't crazy," he said half aloud, "crazy people do not pray, but I cannot understand how the thing is."

When Ulpio's excitement had somewhat subsided, and he reminded the old man of the negro, who had been with Don Xaverio, and related to him all the circumstances connected with the disappearance of the testament and letter of manumission as he knew them and believed them, a light began to dawn upon the groceryman, and he began to understand the things, which had so excited Ulpio that he had actually begun to question his sanity.

The sense of right and justice, which the holy and just God has implanted in the conscience of every man, revolted at the thought of the wrong which had been committed, and the groceryman at once became the ally and adviser of the inexperienced negro. They discussed the matter from all sides without coming to any definite conclusion, because neither of them had even the slightest confidence in the judge.

"Do you know what we'll do?" the groceryman asked and then answered himself, as plain people are

wont to do, whose questions seem to be addressed to another why really directed to themselves, "do you know what we'll do? We'll immediately go to Don Vincente, the pastor of the cathedral Santa Maria, he is a very smart man and most kind and friendly. He will give us advice."

Ulpio agreed with him, and after the groceryman had given his store into the charge of his wife, they set out.

Don Vincente Mollenghe chanced to be the relative of Donna Elvira, the wife of Don Carlos Valdes, to whom, in the unrest of her soul, she had written a letter concerning the theft of the testament by Don Carlos.

Don Vincente despised Don Carlos with all his heart, because he knew how the brutal wretch had embittered the life of his noble wife. It is true, he had not yet known him as a cheat and a thief, as this letter charged him to be. But he could not doubt the revelations of the noble lady, and was thinking of a plan to follow with the unscrupulous judge.

Vincente was not a friend of much circumlocution. The velvet cat's paw, which takes hold of things delicately, slyly, and trickily, was detested by him, his nature being rather quick, and such tricks but slowly and through devious ways lead to the goal. "The straight road is the best," he used to say to himself, "and if I but firmly seize the nail with my tongs, it will have to come out, no matter how deeply it is driven into the wood."

And so he went straight to the judge, and proceeded directly to his private office, making use of a privilege accorded alone to the priest. The judge was much disturbed at his appearance, because, as the Bible says, the godless never have peace, and an evil conscience always expects the worst.

"What do you want of me, a poor sinner?" he asked.

"I am glad to find you in such a penitent mood," said the priest with great earnestness, "for what I seek requires just such a spirit."

The judge grew pale, for he knew that Don Vincente was one of those who do not come to a matter from a long round about way, but drove directly at the centre of the thing.

"What I asked in pardonable jest, you take seriously," said he.

"One does not jest with holy things," answered Don Vincente, "and I should think that you would know pretty well how matters stand with your conscience. But of that, later on. You are aware that I am a relative of Don Carlos Valdes, and the confessor of his wife, my niece?"

The judge nodded, but his heart beat almost audibly.

"You committed the dastardly deed in conjunction with Don Carlos, of stealing the will of Don Xaverio Valdes, and you know that this would cost you your office, your honor, and perhaps your life, if anyone besides me found it out. Don Carlos has confessed. You still have the will. Give it to me at once, if you do not wish to be summoned before the bar of justice. If you do this and promise sincere repentance, I will not reveal the secret, which would deliver you and Don Carlos over to well deserved punishment. I know well what I owe the honor of my family."

These words, spoken in a tone, which plainly showed that they would brook no resistance and denial, made a deep impression upon the judge.

He fell upon his knees, and folding his hands, raised them to Don Vincente. "Mercy, mercy!" he cried.

"It shall be shown you," said the priest, "if you have not burned the will. But if it is burned, let justice take its awful course, and then may two criminals suffer their welldeserved punishment."

While Vincente thus sharply addressed himself to the judge, he leaped to his feet as if bitten by a serpent. He hastened to a closed cabinet and opening it, pulled out a secret drawer, and with a sigh of relief he said: "Here it is!" as he handed a document to Father Vincente.

Vincente quickly glanced through the document in order to convince himself that it was the genuine, unaltered will. He saw from the handwriting and the seal that this was the case, but he also learned that Don Carlos Valdes had been completely disinherited. The contemptible wretch had told Donna Elvira nothing of this, because he would thereby have given proof that Don Xaverio also, was perfectly aware of his low and vile disposition.

Don Vincente placed it in his pocket.

"This is not all," he then continued. "Where is the letter of manumission which you stole, and by which Simon was given his freedom? You must have that also."

"You are mistaken, reverend sir," cried the judge. "It lay with the testament, it is true, but Don Carlos was afraid to burn the testament of the deceased and gave it to me for this purpose, but the letter of manumission he threw into a basket in which there were other letters and papers, which he intended to burn. Whether he did it or not, I cannot say, but I do not doubt it."

"You read it?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then you are a witness. But beware

that you do not depart one jot from the truth, else—
You understand me."

With this the priest took up his hat and went out without giving any further attention to the poor wretch whom he left behind in great unrest of conscience.

When Don Vincente arrived at his home, he found awaiting him a messenger, whom Donna Elvira had sent to him in all haste. In her letter she related the recent occurrences and the imprisonment of Simon, who had advised against the uprising of the slaves, but nevertheless was accused by Don Carlos as having taken part in the conspiracy, because he had spoken ill of him. "Unfortunately," wrote Donna Elvira, "what Simon said was true." She requested Don Vincente to hasten his investigations, as Simon's letter of manumission would most likely also be found with the judge.

The priest clearly saw that matters were quickly coming to a head, but that he must personally go to Rio grande do Sul, as quickly as possible. In order to prevent the worst he would have to lay the will before the court, in which a considerable legacy was set aside for "the freedman Simon." This was a proof that Simon was free, and the testimony of the judge would corroborate the statement. And then let the sword of justice, which hung over Don Carlos, fall upon his guilty head.

Don Vincente summoned his servant and ordered his carriage, giving command to place four mules before it, and then made his preparations for the journey to Rio grande do Sul. A few moments later he was informed that a white man and a negro requested to see him on most urgent business.

As unwelcome as this interruption was, because it prevented him from getting off on his hasty journey, he yet knew the duties of his holy office too well, to re-

fuse these men a hearing. They were admitted. The two proved to be the groceryman and Uplio.

It was the groceryman's way to make a very long story, but Don Vincente cut him short by asking him such pointed questions, that the old man was compelled to stick to the facts. And so he told of Simon's letter of manumission, which Uplio had found, and placed it in the hand of the astonished priest.

"Lord, how wonderful are Thy ways, and Thy judgements past finding out!" he cried, as he held in his hand the letter of manumission, whose genuineness no man could question.

He promised the two to use the letter in the manner demanded by justice, and then entered his carriage, and quickly drove away.

The journey was completed in the shortest possible time, and the priest arrived just as the court was sitting and taking testimony. He was admitted and faced Don Carlos, Pablo, and the crowd of accused slaves.

Don Carlos grew pale, as he saw the priest enter. His conscience troubled him, and his fear grew so great that he began to tremble, and had to support himself by holding to the rail.

The president of the court, a man of strict principles, asked the priest whether he had revelations to make, which had bearing upon the case.

"Assuredly," answered the priest, "although they refer only to the negro Simon, whom this man (he pointed to Don Carlos) unjustly treats as a slave. He was given his freedom by Don Xaverio Valdes and is one of his heirs. I know how brutally Don Carlos has treated him, and the court will see that justice is done him for this. In this matter he again suffers innocently. Don Carlos treated his slaves so cruelly that an uprising was planned. Simon pacified the slaves, and for

this, this freedman, who has been illegally held as a slave, is here accused."

The judges looked at one another, and then all eyes were turned toward Don Carlos against whom a servant of the Church and near relative, directed such severe charges. He was crushed, yet he recovered himself sufficiently to reply to the question of the judge, whether he had anything to reply to these charges, and with a voice trembling with emotion he cried: "It is a lie, that Simon is free. He has no letter of manumission. It is a lie, that he is an heir, for there was no testament of my deceased relative to be found."

"The letter of manumission lay with the will of Don Xaverio Valdes," replied the priest. "Don Carlos stole both documents. I accuse him of it in this court. He was careless enough to throw the letter of manumission into a paper basket, whose contents, in his well-known filthy greed, he sold to a grocer for a few milreis. There it was found and I herewith place the original document in the hands of the court. Don Carlos will not dare to question the genuineness of the original. Should he nevertheless do so, I am prepared to complete the proof."

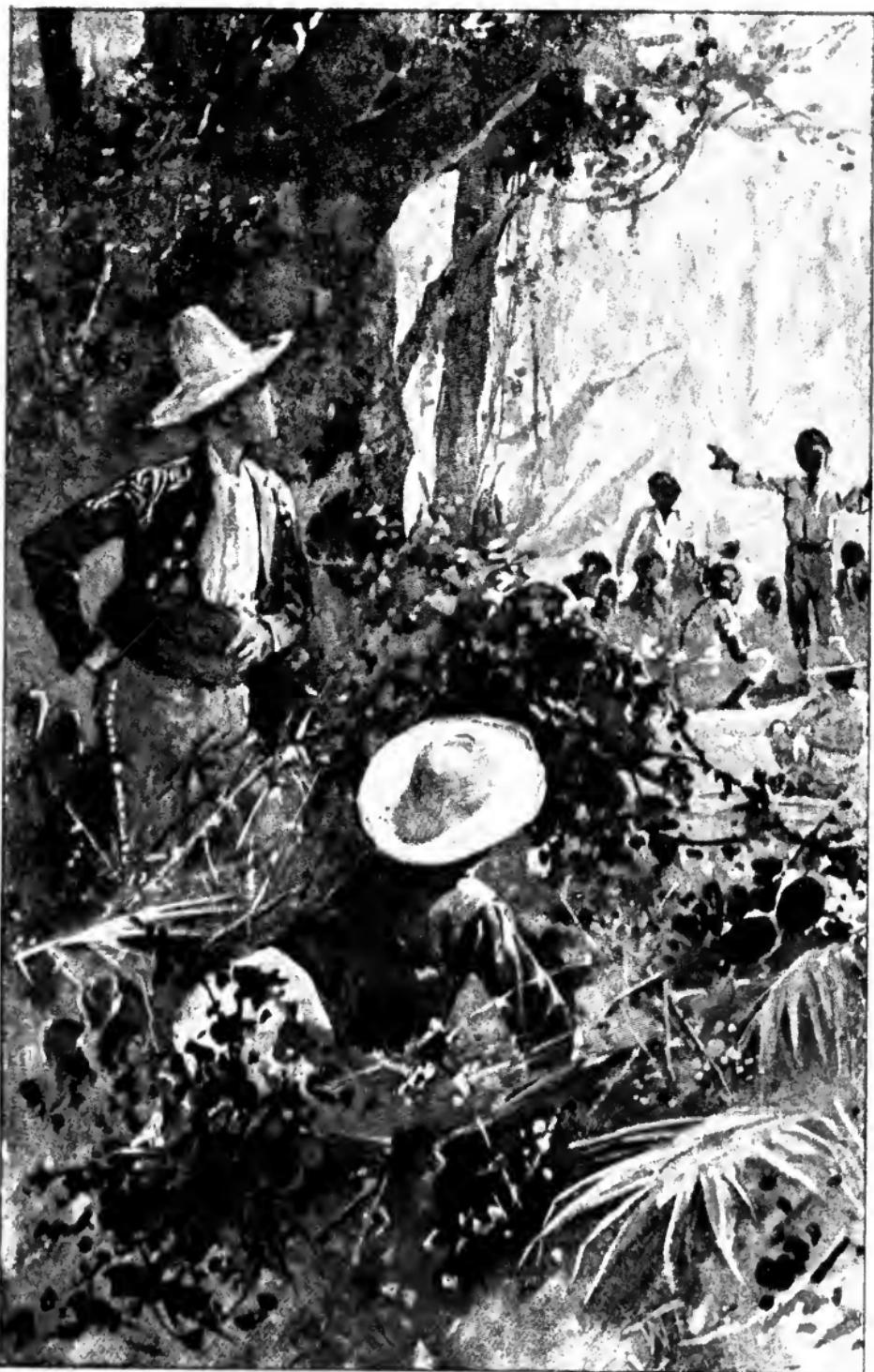
The president of the court took the document and unfolded it.

"It needs no further proof," he said. "I knew Don Xaverio intimately. It is his handwriting."

"Officers," he called, "remove the fetters from the freedman Simon!"

The court officers hastened to obey the command.

"This," the priest began again, "is sufficient to disprove the charge of lying against me. I reserve the right to take further steps in the matter of the insult offered me. As to the second charge that it is false that Simon is a joint heir, I herewith offer the original will and testament of Don Xaverio Valdes, which Don Carlos





also stole, but was too cowardly to burn. It was intrusted to my care under the seal of confession, and I now request the court to prove its genuineness."

He handed it to the president.

This was too much for the wretch. A heavy fall directed all eyes towards Don Carlos. He had fallen full length, and Pablo, and Simon, who had been the first to hasten to him, were busy with him.

Upon order of the president of the court, a physician was summoned, and the proceedings were stopped until his arrival. All surrounded Don Carlos, while Simon with great care endeavored to resuscitate him.

The features of Don Carlos in spite of all efforts, became more and more like those of a dead man. When the physician arrived he cast one glance upon the prostrate form and said: "It is too late. He is dead."

Still he did his duty, and with Simon's assistance he bled him, but in vain. Death had removed the criminal beyond the reach of earthly justice, but had placed him before his eternal judge.

"God have mercy upon his soul," said the priest. "The trial is now closed. In the name of my relative, Donna Elvira Valdes, I request the court to dismiss the charges, and release the prisoners, who, henceforth serving a gentle mistress, will no longer entertain the thought of conspiracy."

The prisoners broke out in cries of joy and blessed the priest and their beloved mistress.

"There will be no need at all to consider the advisability of bringing any influence to bear upon Donna Elvira to carry out the provisions of the testament," said the priest, "since she is the cause of its finding and recovery. She does not countenance wrong and will hold no property obtained in a wrong manner. Yet,

I would request the court to keep the original will and send me a copy to the plantation of Donna Elvira, where I am now going with Simon. I herewith solemnly pledge myself to carefully watch over the prompt and complete carrying out of its provisions."

Simon cheerfully agreed, and after the corpse had been removed, the session of the court adjourned. Simon entered the carriage with the priest and on the way learned how his letter of manumission had been found by Ulpio and the groceryman, and with tears streaming down his face, praised gratefully the wonderful ways of the Lord.

Excepting the negroes who cast upon him glances full of rage and vengeance, no man had troubled himself about the overseer Pablo. He was completely undone by the blow which had fallen upon his master. He did not dare to leave until the court officers told him that he had no further business in court. Then he slunk away, but begged an officer to show him another way out, as he was afraid to leave by the door through which the negroes had left. The officers fulfilled his wish, and he disappeared in the narrow streets of the city, and no man saw in which direction he turned. He did not again appear upon the plantation, and it was well for him that he did not, for the hatred of the negroes, on account of the inhuman treatment they had received at his hands, would have endangered his life. No one ever found out what had become of him. Very likely he returned to Mexico and again became a highwayman. But the arm of Him who judges aright, is not shortened, and He will surely have found him and given him his dues.

CHAPTER IX.

We pass over the next few years. Donna Elvira ruled over her plantation in such mildness, that the negroes who had planned murder, because they had been treated worse than beasts, never again had cause for complaint, and were devoted to their mistress with heart and soul.

The provisions of the will of Don Xaverio were all promptly carried out. Simon and Ulpio were both remembered so liberally, that they could live without care, and even had something to spare. The judge resigned his office and removed to a distant state in order to hide his shame, which became public because everyone knew that only he and Don Carlos had anything to do with Don Xaverio's effects.

For some time Simon lived on the plantation of Donna Elvira, because she had urged him to remain and enjoy something of the good things of life, where he had suffered so much pain and sorrow. His wisdom and experience were of great service to Donna Elvira in the introduction of certain reforms. Her ultimate purpose was to give freedom to all her slaves. He was not in favor of giving them their freedom at once, but by the concession of larger privileges, to gradually fit them for the proper use of liberty and independence, Donna Elvira and the venerable priest fully agreed with him, and Donna Elvira secured the carrying out of her plans in a legal manner, so that, in case it should please God to call her away, her heirs could in no wise interfere. She had such a terrible example offered her in the ruthless acts of Don Carlos, that she removed every hindrance to the execution of her gene-

rous ideas, as far as it was possible for a human being so to do.

It is very likely that Simon would never have left her (for where could he be more happy than among those who honored, and loved him, and opened for him a larger sphere of activity?) had not his noble heart compelled him to go to Santa Catharina.

Ulpio, the noble soul, had grown very old and feeble. The old man bore his sufferings with a perfect submission to the divine will. But he had no one in the wide world to whom he was bound by affection, except Simon, whom he loved as a son. An unspeakable longing for him filled his heart, and so Simon left his happy surroundings and went to him, in order to make the last days of the old man as bright as possible. Ulpio had bought himself a small, comfortable home, located on the Alameda, near the place where he had spent so many years with his deceased master. Here Simon joined him.

They lived together like father and son, and used whatever could be spared of their income, to purchase the freedom of such negroes who bore a good report, and gave assistance to the needy wherever and whenever they could. They both thought that in this they were acting in the spirit of their noble benefactor, and were putting to a good use what his liberality had given them.

For a number of years Ulpio was permitted to enjoy the faithful attention and love of Simon, who devoted himself entirely to the old man, whose days were numbered. Although they were honored and respected by the whole city, yet they had very little intercourse. The only one who often came to them, who had no prejudice whatever, such as is almost always found with the whites against the blacks, was the venerable priest, who had secured Simon's freedom. He best understood

these two noble souls. In former years the honest groceryman used to come around every evening, but death had long since called him away, and it was at that time, so sad for Ulpio, that Simon had come to him.

Even though the strong constitution of the old negro, long resisted the weight of age and its weakness, yet at last it began to succumb. The lamp began to burn low. He did not deceive himself with respect to his condition, and with true Christian submission awaited the hour when he should be called to the glory and joy of his Lord. He frequently said to Simon: "Although I am pained at the thought of separating from you, yet I constantly recall the words of our Lord, which the venerable priest gave me as comfort: "Yet a little and we shall see each other again, and then no man can take our joy from us. And besides, I feel as if Don Xaverio were awaiting us up there with the Lord."

Faithful Simon would not leave him day or night, and at last when the spirit had left the body, he closed the eyes, whose last gaze seemed to search the depths of heaven.

Ulpio had left everything he possessed to Simon, whereby he became indeed a wealthy man, but he only found pleasure in his wealth in so far as it placed him in a position to do more good. His life was now become very lonely. Upon the urgent request of Donna Elvira, he sold his house, and again took up his residence on the plantation, where he had the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of his wise suggestions beautifully ripening, and where he was revered by all negroes, as much as their mistress. He spent some years in these happy surroundings, when another heavy blow fell upon him, which he saw slowly but surely coming, namely the death of Donna Elvira.

Sufferings, which had been caused by the experiences of her earlier life, and which she had been com-

peled to keep to herself in order not to increase their measure, had sown the seeds of an illness, which was now slowly, but only too steadily developing. She only desired to live long enough to see all the negroes of her plantation freed, and living on the parcels of ground she had set aside for them, and which were large enough that their products secured them a comfortable living, if they were at all industrious. And it was granted her to see it. She had no children and her relatives had no need of her wealth. For this reason she had divided the whole plantation into smaller parcels, and given these to her former slaves. They now lived upon free property as free beings, and with their families blessed their generous mistress.

Her death was a heavy sorrow for these happy beings, who had to thank her for their happiness. They mourned sincerely, as when children mourn a mother, who has been taken from them.

For Simon this place had now become like a deserted house, even though the negroes loved him dearly, for well they knew what they owed him. She was missing, whose spirit had reigned here, and whom he had loved and respected as she well deserved. He left the plantation toward the close of the year 1852, all the negroes, whose moral elevation had been so largely his work, bidding him a tearful farewell.

He had not definitely decided where to take up his permanent residence in order to spend there the days which God should still give him, but when he thought at all about the matter, Santa Catharina ever had the preference because of its memories of Antonio, Don Xaverio, and Ulio, and especially because the worthy priest still lived there, to whom he was so much indebted. Simon was about forty years of age when he planned going by sea from Rio grande do Sul to Rio

de Janeiro, where he had never been. From there he intended to return to Santa Catharina.

But here also the truth of the old proverb was shown: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

His affairs were always kept in order, as had been his rule ever since he had assisted Don Xaverio in the regulation of his affairs. Even his will had been carefully drawn, in order that his charitable intentions would surely be carried out. And so there was nothing to prevent him from entering upon his journey, the first trip for pleasure and recreation he had ever allowed himself.

A steamer, which made regular trips to the capital, was just about to sail. The negro went aboard, but knowing well the prejudice of Americans against his race, he quietly seated himself where he would not be conspicuous nor give anyone cause for offense. He took a book from his pocket and began to read, now and then glancing up at the beautiful scenery along the shore.

The "Pernambucano," as the vessel was called, was a coastwise steamer, and upon this trip had an especially large number of passengers, mostly women and children. The weather had been beautiful in the morning, but soon a dark cloud in the western skies, so small as to be unnoticed by most of the passengers, began to give serious concern to those familiar with such signs. Nothing can compare with the fury of suddenly arising hurricanes. And such a storm it was that broke upon the vessel with inconceivable speed and power, but a few minutes after the eye had first observed the cloud.

The "Pernambucano" was a well built vessel and manned by an excellent crew. They tried to gain deeper water, but the storm, seeming to come from all points of the compass at once, ever drove them toward

the steep and rocky shore with the enormous waves which rolled landward.

The breakers near the rocky shore were awful, while immense waves were being hurled against the rock by the fury of the storm. Even though it was noon, it grew as dark as at the time of twilight. The fearful gusts of wind threw great bales of merchandise overboard like paper balls. Several passengers also were swept overboard and drowned.

In spite of the most powerful struggles, the "Pernambucano" was slowly but irresistibly swept towards the roaring, foaming breakers. Finally one mighty blast of the hurricane lifted the vessel as if it had been a nutshell, and hurled it upon the rocky ledge where it hung, while the water flooded into the ship through a large hole which had been made, so quickly, that the passengers who had sought shelter in their cabins, had scarcely time to escape to the deck.

Those who could swim cast themselves into the sea, but when these unfortunates reached the shore, the natives fell upon them and robbed them of everything, leaving them scarcely the most necessary clothing. Yet every one sought to save his life, for the waves were beating against the wreck with a sound like thunder, so that it became evident that it could not long withstand. It must soon go to pieces. What a prospect for those who could not swim!

The terror of the women and children was frightful to behold. Besides the crew there were only a few men left on board. And what could be done? The space between the ship and the shore was so small, and the fury of the breakers so great, that they could not think for a moment of lowering the boats, and yet it was far too wide to be leaped over.

Up to this time Simon seemed to look upon all this with perfect composure. But in his heart he despised

the selfishness of the white men who sprang into the sea to save themselves by swimming, without giving a thought to the weeping women and children, already half dead through fright, whom they heartlessly left to their fate. With clear judgment he viewed the condition of things, then, unobserved by anyone, he folded his hands and prayed: "Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee."

After this he seized a rope, and exerting all his strength he threw it to the shore, where the natives caught it and made it fast to a strong tree standing near the edge of the raging sea. And now the time was come to give full satisfaction to his noble heart.

On board there was a lady with seven hopeful children. The children had made themselves acquainted with Simon, and his friendly manner had won their confidence. He told them pretty fables and soon had them all gathered about him. Who does not know that he who wins the heart of the child also wins the heart of the mother? She was a lady of distinction, the wife of one of the richest merchants of Rio de Janeiro.

As the danger increased, the mother began to worry for the safety of her children, and when the disaster occurred, she piteously moaned: "Who will save my children and me?"

Simon now approached. "Donna," said he, "if God will grant us grace, I will save both you and your children. But you must do absolutely what you are told, and pray that the Lord may bless me."

"Come here!" he called to the sailors, who cheerfully hastened to him. "Ropes!" he cried, "quick, bring ropes!"

They were brought.

"Now tie four of these children to my body, but tie them firmly, so they can not slip off."

This was done as quickly as possible, and then

seizing the rope he swung clear of the vessel, and passing one hand over the other, gained the shore in a few minutes, and the children were saved. The mother meanwhile lay upon her knees on the deck, and prayed for protection and help for Simon. Quicker than he had crossed over, the negro regained the vessel. The three remaining children and one of another mother were tied to him, and he safely brought them to land. Now came the mother's turn. She was also tied to Simon's body and he safely brought her over.

The exertion was terrible, but no one assisted him, no one followed his example. In vain he appealed to the crew to help him. They gave him some refreshments and after he had bound up his hands so that they should not hurt so much, having taken a brief rest, he again returned to the work. He took the children first of all; but in crossing for the seventh time in his wearying work of rescue, the rope broke in two and together with his burden he fell into the sea. But admiration of his heroic courage had filled even the rude natives. They hastened to his assistance, and brought him and his precious burden safely to shore.

But what was to be done? Over there they were stretching out their arms toward him in piteous appeal, and his heart beat with happiness over the successful efforts he had made. Without much delay he sprang into the sea. The sailors slackened the rope on the ship and he succeeded in tieing the ends together.

God's grace was with him. The ship withstood the severe blows of the surf much longer than he had expected or could have hoped for. The hand of God was visibly over him. In a few hours he succeeded in rescuing all the women and children. But his strength was almost completely exhausted and his hands were bleeding. There remained on board the wreck a blind man and an invalid with a wooden leg. They stood there

with folded hands, trembling with fear. No man seemed to think of these two unfortunates. As soon as Simon had somewhat recovered from his super-human efforts, he saw them and quickly coming to a decision as to his duty, he again made the trip over the rope. First he rescued the old blind man and then with his last strength, the invalid. But as he reached the shore, he fell lifeless to the ground.

But now gratitude had its turn. The women, whom he had rescued, the men, who had witnessed a rare deed of Christian heroism, vied with each other to show him attention. The mother of the seven children bedded his head in her lap, and as she bathed his face, and tried to pour reviving stimulants into his mouth, the tears streamed from her eyes and fell upon his face. Others knelt about him helping, sobbing, praying. They bandaged his swollen and bleeding hands and arms. They did everything possible at the time and under the circumstances.

Sixty persons had been rescued by Simon. Many had succeeded in reaching the shore by swimming, while thirty, who had leaped into the sea, were drowned.

The hurricane continued until midnight with gradually abating fury, and then ceased. The rising sun of the following morning, shone upon a sea only slightly disturbed. Upon all points of elevation the captain and crew had built signal fires, in the hope that some vessel sailing by, would take off the shipwrecked band, who had to spend a miserable night on the inhospitable shore, without cover or sufficient clothing. While Santa Catharina was the nearest port and not very far distant, yet it was too far away to expect any help from there, and the unfortunates had to endure hunger and cold until taken off. The example of noble Don Xaverio Valdes did not seem to find any imitators there.

Simon at last awoke out of his deep swoon, but suffered intensely. Whatever was possible was done to alleviate his pains, but they had a very limited success. The fever caused by the wounds in his hands, shook him severely. The muscles were actually laid bare. He talked incoherently and they began to fear that he would succumb to his sufferings. The longing after a rescuing vessel increased under the general sympathy with the noble negro, whose condition every one endeavored to ease.

At last, on the afternoon of that day, they saw the steamer from Rio de Janeiro for Rio grande do Sul approaching. The captain saw the signals of distress and turned his vessel toward the shore, where he cast anchor in a safe place, and sent a boat to ascertain the condition of things.

Scarcely had the boat returned with its report of the disaster, when every boat on the steamer was lowered. Great was the joy filling all hearts as the boats landed. But no one would enter until Simon had been carried in, the men and women making a soft couch for him with spare articles of clothing. He was most carefully taken on board, and accompanied by the captain of the "Pernambucano" and the wife of the merchant of Rio de Janeiro, laid in a soft berth. Fortunately there was a doctor from Rio de Janeiro on board, who applied proper bandages and gave him medicines. Under his care the sufferer soon revived so as to be able to thank for all the tender attentions showered upon him. His heroic deed being related to the passengers on board, they also joined in caring for him.

After all the rescued had been taken aboard, the anchor was drawn up, and the vessel changing her course, proceeded to Rio de Janeiro.

CHAPTER X.

With lightning speed the news was spread throughout Rio de Janeiro, that the "Pernambucano" had been wrecked and gone down. All who had relatives on board the ill-fated ship hastened to the harbor and on board the vessel bringing them. Some were filled with bitter sorrow and others with the greatest joy. With weeping eyes they, who became convinced that their dear ones had been lost, left the ship. Full of unspeakable joy they, who found their dear ones safe, accompanied them home. The whole city was gathered at the harbor. From mouth to mouth went the story of the heroism of the negro, whose noble deeds were loudly praised. Everybody was anxious to see him. The physician wished to remove him to the hospital, but the wealthy merchant, whose wife and seven children he had saved, would not permit it.

"My house is the place where the noble rescuer of my family and so many others shall be cared for," he declared positively. He had a stretcher brought and commanded to carry him to his residence. The people who accompanied him did not cease in their demonstrations, in order to show him their regard, and continued to loudly praise his deed. The physician also went along because he feared that the excitement caused by the demonstration of the people might have a bad effect upon Simon's condition.

But this proved an unnecessary care. Simon was indeed pleased with this recognition of his deed, but it had no evil effect upon him. The tender affection showered upon him in the home of his host was indescribable. But he received all with great humility.

In every home of the city men were speaking of

the noble negro, and they who had been saved by him kept visiting him, and not only they came to him, but the most distinguished citizens called to see him. His remarkable deed had wiped out the prejudices, which the color of the skin ordinarily creates.

When the merchant, who was entertaining the rescuer of his family, went to the exchange next day, he found great excitement there. All crowded around him in their eagerness to hear an authentic account of the happenings from his lips. He cheerfully told them the story as he had heard it from the lips of his wife. The greatest enthusiasm was aroused. A subscription for Simon was at once opened, which in a few minutes reached the sum of six thousand dollars. They further determined that the best known sculptor was to make a bust of Simon, to be placed in the building of the exchange. No one seemed to think of doing any business.

A committee accompanied the merchant to Simon's bedside and communicated these things to him. Simon was greatly surprised, in fact he was so overcome that the tears streamed from his eyes. For a long time he was unable to speak. At length he expressed his profoundest thanks to the gentlemen, at the same time however, telling them that he was rich enough for his station. He asked that the money which they intended to give him in their kindness, which he highly appreciated, be used for some charitable purpose, for he could not accept it. They urged him, but it was of no avail. He refused firmly to accept the money, because he did not need it. He begged them most earnestly also not have the marble bust made. Although the wealthy merchants did not urge him any further to accept the money, yet they positively declared that they would carry out the plan of having a marble bust of him made, and placing it in the building of the ex-

change. This was a small proof of their gratefulness and he could not refuse them this gratification.

While this delegation of distinguished members of the exchange were still assembled about Simon's bed, a servant hastily entered, and in breathless excitement cried: "The emperor and empress!"

Simon was really frightened at the news. The merchants arranged themselves along the walls of the apartment, and a few minutes later the merchant and his wife ushered in the emperor and empress. They approached the bed and addressed most gracious words of thanks and highest appreciation to the negro, whose eyes filled with tears, and whose quivering lips were unable to speak a single word. Finally the emperor said:

"How much I desire to reward as far as possible, such Christian nobility of soul, I wish to show by an outward sign." With this he drew forth a large, golden medal, attached to a heavy golden chain, and hung it around Simon's neck. "Never did one more worthy wear such a mark of honor!" the emperor said. "Wear it upon your breast as a mark of the esteem and gratefulness of your emperor."

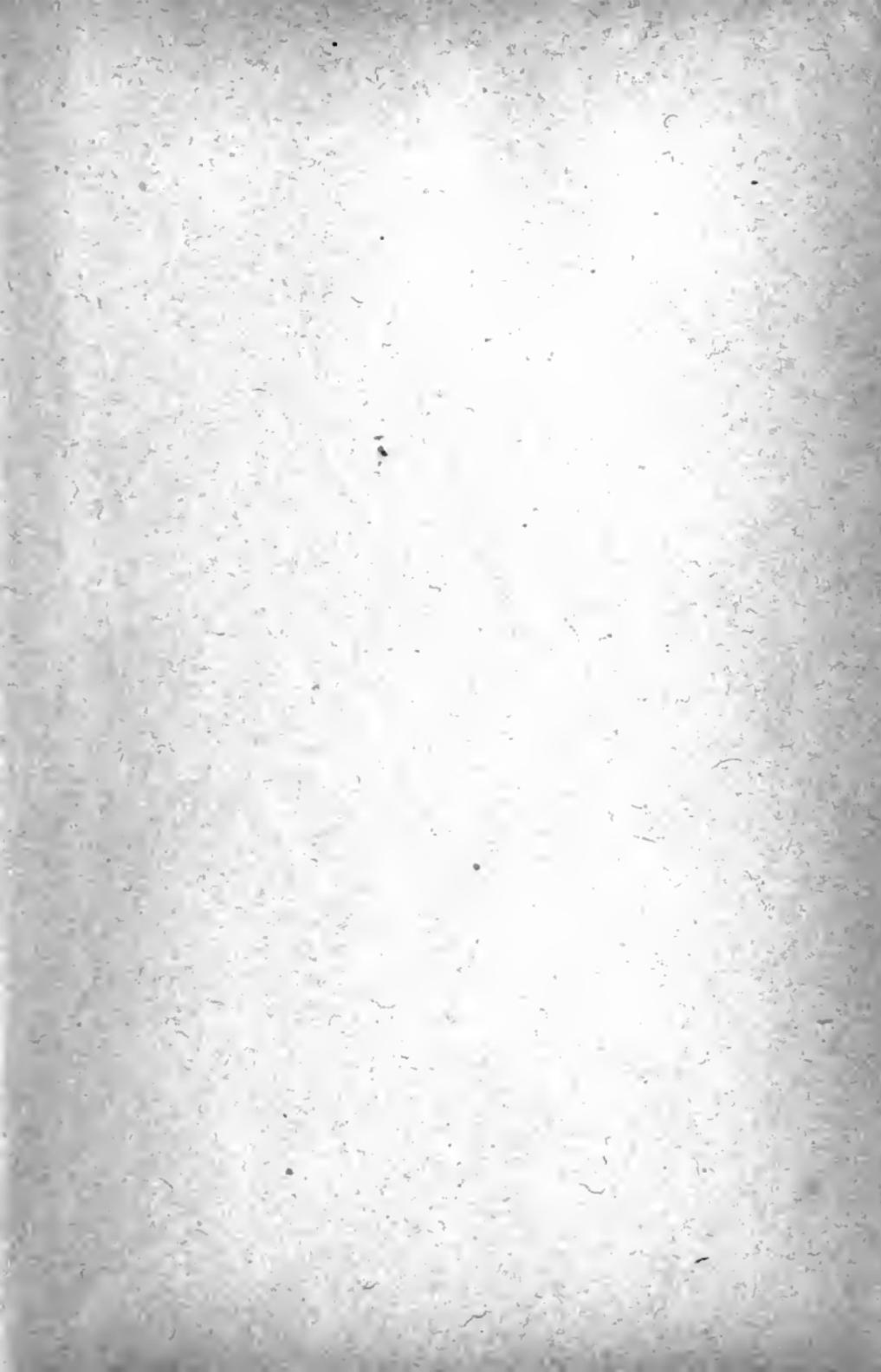
"Long live the emperor and empress!" those present enthusiastically cried, and down on the street the thousands took up the cry.

Under tender care and skilful treatment, Simon soon recovered. He had become the favorite of all classes. Wherever he appeared he was greeted with every mark of highest regard.

Upon the earnest request of the merchant and many friends, Simon at last made up his mind to take up his permanent residence in Rio de Janeiro. He was forty years old in 1853, and as was his custom in Santa Catharina, he spent the greater part of his fortune in charity, thereby gaining ever greater regard. His bust will be found in the great hall of the exchange building.

It is the first bust of a negro made by the chisel of a sculptor, to which such a place of honor was assigned.

And now I lay aside my pen with the assurance, that I have faithfully followed my source. I close with the words used by the speaker, when Simon's bust was unveiled: "Not the color of his skin, not the place of his birth, not station nor descent, can raise or lower a man in the opinion of his fellowmen! It is the heart, the character, which gives true worth to a man. Long live Simon, the negro! Honor, to whom honor is due!"



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